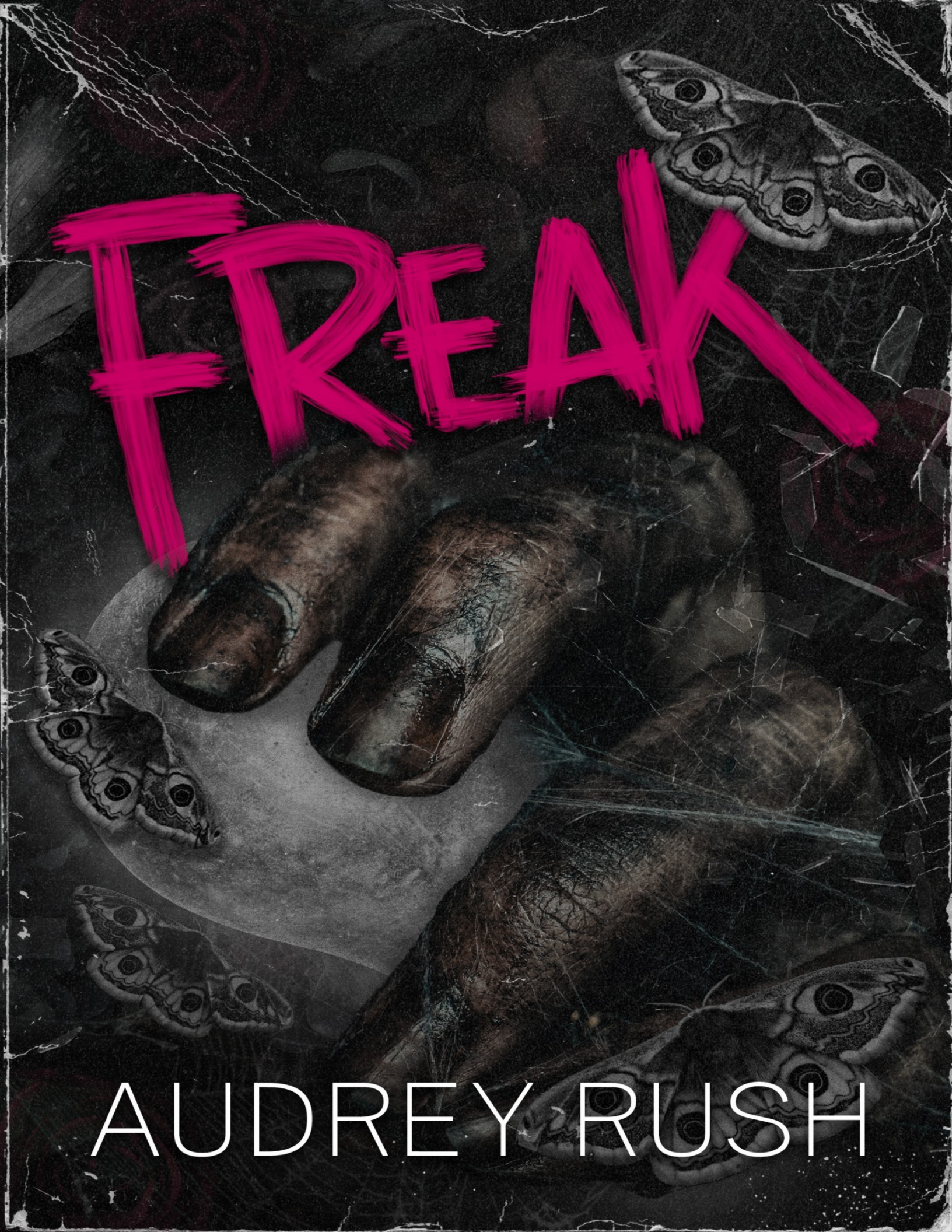
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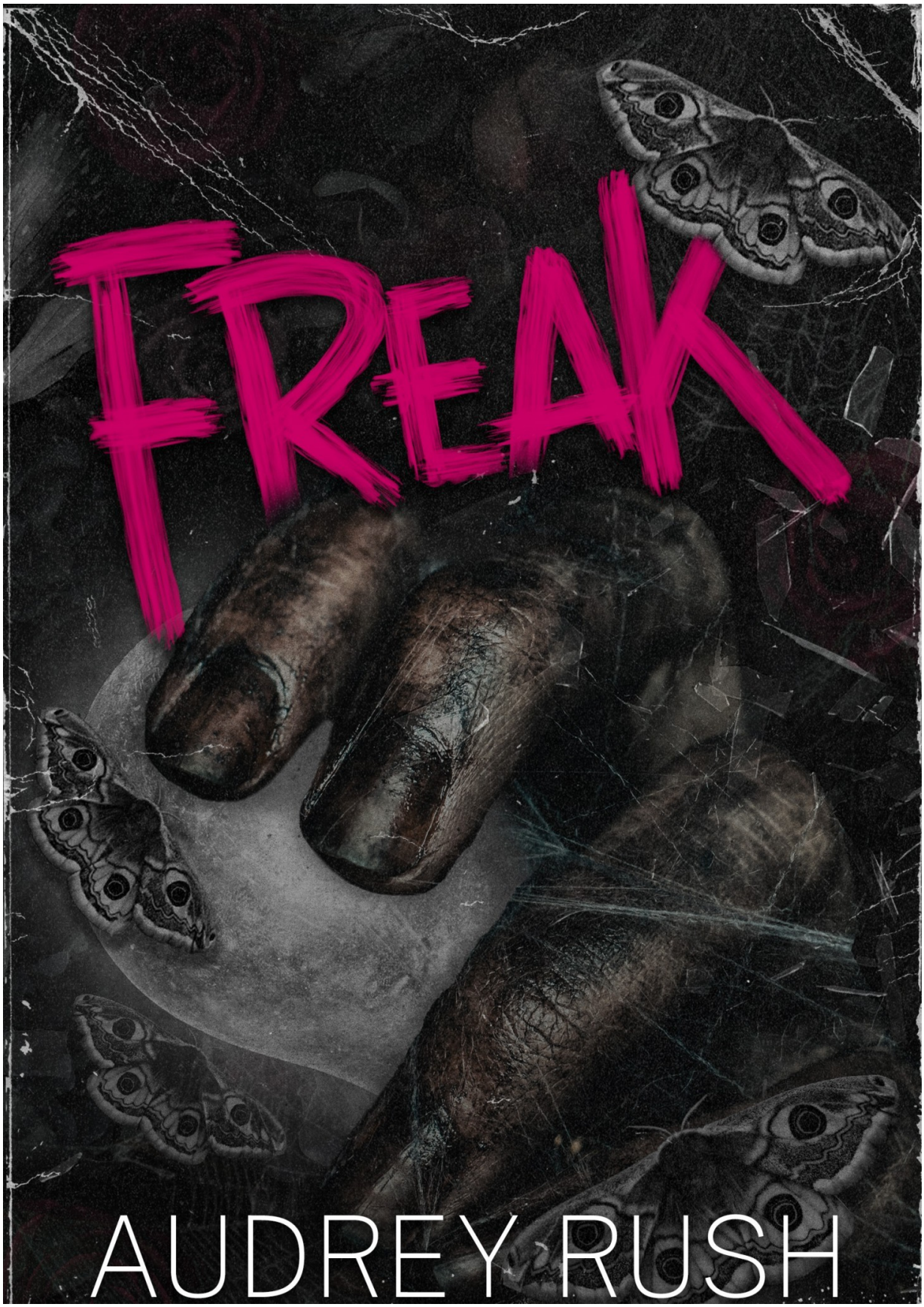
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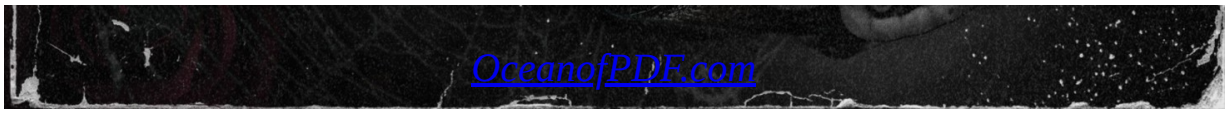
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Freak

Audrey Rush

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Freak by Audrey Rush

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for the disgusting freaks
who can't hide their filth,
I see you.

And so does Dr. Ambrose…

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Thank you for reading!
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Author's Note

This content notification contains spoilers.

This is a *horror* book. As such, this book contains graphic violence, including the medical and psychological abuse of conscious and unconscious patients. It also contains mentions of physical child abuse, neglectful and abusive foster parents, abortion, forced infanticide, and cannibalism.

This novel contains disturbing adult content, including but *not* limited to nonconsensual encounters, extreme degradation, body modification, breeding for product, blood, urine, excrement, incest, and necrophilia. A detailed list of content can be found on the author's website.

This book was originally titled *Exposed*, as part of The Wellard Asylum Series. *Freak* is now a complete standalone novel. In this current publication, the asylum's name and history have been updated, and additional chapters have been added. The original book was thirty-seven thousand words. This book, *Freak*, is sixty thousand words.

This is a *horror* book with disturbing adult content. Reader discretion is advised.

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Chapter 1

Dr. Ambrose

The winter winds whip across the top edge of the grave, brushing my forehead. I drop my cock and quickly tie my gray hair into a low ponytail. My palm runs over my length while my other hand rubs the dirt walls; soil sprinkles the healing wound near the urethra, and I relish in it, knowing soon, she'll be here too.

The coffin beneath me creaks like an old house, irritated by my hastiness, and my upper lip curls. It *is* annoying, isn't it? There is no reason to hurry this painful self pleasure, and yet my impatience controls me. *She* is almost in my grasp.

And she may be just as impatient as I am.

As I resume my self care, I pull out my device, swipe to the video, and hit play. On the screen, a woman with freshly dyed blonde hair sits on her haunches, her shoulders curled inward. Her beaded dark eyes, filled with the glossy sheen of longing, are on the cameraman. She parts her lips, unconsciously inviting him in. Her bottom lip trembles.

Please piss on me, she whispers.

The recording shows the first sprays of yellow liquid crossing the woman's face. I squeeze the head of my cock and suck in through my nostrils. The yellow arc grows, gracing her lips like a water fountain, and though the cunt twists in revulsion, I've seen cases like hers before; she's

only acting like this because she knows it's how she *should* feel and act. In reality, she's ready. Needy. *Begging* for him to use her in any way he sees fit. I bet the cunt smelled like an unkempt barn by the time they were done recording the video.

I jerk my cock, the friction of skin against skin a pleasant tune accompanying the slut's subtle groan. Patches of white scar tissue spot my long length, with the thickest callus on top of the head, right near the urethra, sitting opposite of my latest self-inflicted wound. The gash is still fresh, red inflammation around the border, with the open crater in the middle in shades of sullied cream and pink. Sometimes, a harsh, pungent scent similar to rotting meat drifts from the laceration, especially during masturbation, but in the middle of a cemetery, the earth's perfume dominates the air.

The camera pulls back, and the slut's knees part; clear liquid drips from her cunt. Saliva increases in my mouth, and my cock grows to a full erection, the skin pulled taut, pain shooting to my temples.

Of course, she's aroused. She's a nasty little cunt.

At twenty-five, the woman in the video, Violet, has only just begun her sexual awakening. Her first boyfriend was quite sexually average, and her current boyfriend—though willing to perform strange acts for video submissions to a doctor—is withheld. Thus, her future exploration will be completely under my care.

Do you like it? Her boyfriend asks in a perfunctory tone. *Do you want more?*

Goosebumps crawl over her flesh. *Yes,* she whines. *Please. More.*

I zoom in on her lips, and there, right as her boyfriend expels the final squirts of his stream, Violet opens her mouth, letting the smallest drop of his urine tease her tongue. My jaw drops. Pleasure pushes through the pain in my cock as I continue to stroke myself. Desire is on her periphery, waiting to be called out; she can't hide herself completely.

And soon, I will completely unleash her inner needs.

I lean my back against the dirt wall and dig my nails into the skin of my length, never stopping my repeated jerking. More dirt falls around me. On the video, Violet grabs her tit through her piss-soaked clothes; her lips twist in disapproval while her hips writhe. Pain ricochets through me the closer I get to orgasm. The nerve endings cinch like a noose around my neck, and the sharp fire of desperation licks my throat as I keep my eyes on Violet. Finally, she voluntarily swallows a small amount of his urine.

No one told her to. The cunt simply wanted it.

My cum splatters out. White semen, mixed with the drops of blood from the freshest wound, drench the phone's screen. Underneath the liquid, the camera zooms in on Violet as she licks her lips. I smirk. The little cunt is thirsty for more.

I sigh, then take a handkerchief out of my lab coat pocket. This orgasm is lighter than usual, and I suppose that's appropriate. I've pleasured myself to that same video hundreds of times since I first received it, and after waiting for such a long time to have her finally under my command, I'm eager to *enjoy* her unhinged inner freak for myself.

As I clean the phone, the fabric slides against the screen. I wipe my hand and cock with the handkerchief as well. Traces of blood dampen the fabric. I huff; blood stains are a constant issue with my interests and line of work. I don't bother fixing any of the handkerchiefs, but I do have an endless amount of stark-white lab coats at my disposal. I enjoy having a professional appearance.

Once my trousers are zipped and my device and handkerchief are stowed, I climb out of the six-foot deep hole. I'm an older man; however, even climbing out of a grave, my vitality is present. It helps to stay fit in my profession.

Graffiti is sprayed over the closest grave marker, and I squint at the lettering. It's faded now.

A balding man with watery blue eyes clears his throat. “Dr. Alick Ambrose,” he says in a scratchy voice.

His clammy hands reach to shake mine. He’s younger than me by a decade, perhaps more, but he’s a pathetic little man, always eager to find a new way to get on my good side.

He gives me a firm handshake; my grip stays limp. A sneer curls my lips. Begging to shake my hand as soon as I’ve climbed out of a grave may be one of the most desperate things he’s done. He’s undeserving of true respect.

“Like I said, sir, I have no problem doing this work,” he urges.

He continues rambling; I ignore him. I keep my lips narrow. Part of keeping a tight rein on this facility and others within the region is letting the idiot and others like him babble to completion. That way they think they’ve been heard, *and* they have ample opportunity to spill accidental secrets.

“Oh!” He startles mid-sentence. “You’re already finished.”

In the hole down below us, the surfaces of the grave are perfectly lined as if cut by machinery, save for the divots from where I brushed or leaned against the wall. A bucket of murky water and a small flat shovel lay in the coffin; tools I used to complete the process. There are some tasks that must be done by a trusted expert, and there are other tasks in which I only trust myself. Digging up a coffin and smoothing the dirt walls around it were things *I alone* needed to do.

It’s all for my sweet one.

“I assume you can fix that,” I say, nodding toward the divots in grave walls. “And you’ll collect the tools.”

“Absolutely, sir,” the groundskeeper says. “Whatever you need, we’re ready. I’ll be forever in your debt for how you’ve helped my sister.”

Those words bring a sinister smile to my face, which has nothing to do with helping him and everything to do with the knowledge that his gratitude comes at a price. With my help, the groundskeeper’s sister has finally been

released from my asylum. The poor bastard doesn't realize it's only temporary. Soon, she'll return to my favorite department, and once again, he'll be groveling for my assistance. He ought to know letting a man dig up a grave will ultimately lead him down a horrifying path.

"You love your sister?" I ask.

He bows his head. "Yes, sir. With all of my heart."

My nostrils flare, curiosity blooming in my chest. I've suspected their relationship for a while now, and his avoidance to my eye contact only furthers it. Perhaps there is something more between the two siblings, something sexual in nature. An aspect I can explore more with his sister's return to the Ambrose Asylum. Maybe she can eventually become a trained doll to be sold as well.

However, right now, both the groundskeeper and his sister are unimportant to me. My entire focus is on the only object worthy of my attention.

Violet, my sweet one.

"It would be unfortunate if a visitor found this grave and came to you with questions," I say.

I don't clarify *who* the visitor may be; the groundskeeper can make his own assumption about the grave and the potential connections. I have no doubt he's seen the woman visit his cemetery before. I lift my nose. "Unfortunately, you will be unavailable to any mourners until I've concluded my business. I'll give you a call."

"Yes, sir." The groundskeeper bobs his head. "My sister and I were just talking about taking a vacation."

"Enjoy yourselves, then," I say with a wink. I can't help it; he has no idea what his future holds. My business won't take that long, and it may be the last time he indulges in leisurely freedom with his sister.

On my way out of the cemetery, I step over decaying bouquets and pass through black spiked gates. Then I settle into the driver's seat of my sedan

and remove a vial of blood from the glove box. I had Violet's current boyfriend take her to the clinic in town to have a sample drawn for preliminary testing to confirm her perverse condition was not due to a physical ailment. The dumb son-of-a-bitch is so invested in her safety and stupidly trusting in my care, he *truly* thinks I ordered blood tests. In reality, I collected it from the clinic myself. My reputation stretches beyond the asylum; no one dares question my needs.

I've been saving her blood for a special occasion, and now is precisely the right time.

I shake the vial and watch the separated parts mix back together. I twist it open before bringing it to my lips and tossing my head back. The blood drips into my mouth, the metallic essence coursing over my tongue. My dick engorges, the taste of her blood already driving me toward another full erection. I groan deeply. There's nothing like drinking a woman's blood, especially when she has absolutely no idea it's technically been stolen from her.

Usually, when I drink a woman's blood, I barely know her name; it's a passing situation, a way to dangle my power over my victim until I grow bored with the game and drink it.

But Violet isn't a passing interest like the others. I know her name. Her background. Her *interests.* I know everything about her. She's my obsession. I can admit that. I've been thinking about today's appointment non-stop since I scheduled it with her boyfriend, and she is completely unaware of how much I've been investing in her life.

I must save my next orgasm for *her.* Violet thinks she's agreed to a short appointment at the asylum, but she will be staying with me for a very, very long time.

She'll be under my care permanently.

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Chapter 2

Violet

A pair of uniformed guards roll open the gates manually, and my stomach sinks to my feet. They remind me of masked executioners waiting on a scaffold for the next beheading.

The car creeps forward slowly, and I reach for my boyfriend's knee. My stomach twists. There aren't many parking options for us that aren't overgrown with dead weeds or in ruins, as if the asylum staff don't care about their visitors or outpatients, as if they only have permanent residents here.

Eventually, we find a spot near the entrance.

Even though we have the heater on in the car, my fingers are blocks of ice. I pull the sleeves of my hoodie over my hands, protecting myself from the cold, and…maybe the asylum too. My boyfriend, Benji, sighs deeply and runs a hand through his wavy brown hair. His nose is angled with a large bump, and it gives him this innocent demeanor, like he could be a schoolteacher, the kind of selfless person who deserves deep love.

I can't give him that. Not until I do this.

I shift in my seat and face the asylum. I've driven past this place more times than I can count, but I've never been this close to it before. For a long time, it was like a ghost waiting at the edges of my mind, always out of reach. Now, I'll embrace its full weight.

This is where my mother died. It's up to me to make things right for her.

As I stare up at the asylum, my intestines tangle into screwed-up knots. I clutch my stomach and try to ignore the pain. There are several buildings to the property, each with barred windows and chain-link fences topped with barbed wire. The fences are higher than the first floor, as if the designer *knew* the patients would try to escape. As if they would never allow them to leave.

The Ambrose Asylum is not a shelter; it's a prison.

And in a way, I'm surrendering to it.

"This is it," Benji says. I bite the inside of my cheek. He's just announcing our arrival, but the words are different now, like this may actually be the end of me.

But I *have* to be here. I owe it to my mother and myself.

"Great," I say. The word comes out snarky. I grimace and roll my eyes. I need to be nicer to Benji. I fix my tone: "Thanks for doing this with me."

"Anything for you," Benji says.

I smile weakly. Benji is always polite and considerate. Sometimes, I wonder if I deserve him.

Before those doubts begin to fester, I change the subject: "Will the doctor have me stay after the initial examination?"

"You mean overnight?"

"Sure."

"I mean, I'd prefer not," Benji says. "But yeah. Between the videos and losing your job, he might think you need extra help."

Benji told the doctor I was found masturbating with a knife handle at work and was fired, which is similar to what the records say about my mother. Whether her records are truthful is another story.

As for me, I was actually fired because I stopped showing up for my shifts. After I became obsessed with finding out everything I could about

my mother and the Ambrose Asylum, work, my relationships, sleeping, even eating regular meals were no longer my priorities.

Then came the videos.

My cheeks heat. I turn to the side, away from Benji. We did a lot of messed-up things to be here, like pissing and choking videos. It's embarrassing. I'm not a toilet or a victim; I'm a *person*, and I only asked him to do those things so I could get the chance to kill my mother's murderer.

But I just—

I just—

"You okay?" Benji asks.

I gnaw on the inside of my lip. My mother's file says she was into strange sexual acts, including arousal from urine; I don't know if it's true or if it was something Dr. Ambrose might have made up. Based on my research, Dr. Ambrose seems like the kind of person who would lie to keep someone under his control. I *know* he lied about her death; I wouldn't be surprised if any notes he took on her were based on his own disgusting interests.

What if I like those disgusting things too?

I shudder. My fingers link and unlink rapidly in my lap. I can't sit still. People have said I'm a freak like my mother, but even if I share her blood, it doesn't mean I'll be like her.

This isn't about *my* desires. This isn't even about *me*. This is about avenging my mother.

I'm going to kill Dr. Ambrose.

"Violet?" Benji asks.

I shake my head. "I'm fine. I'm *fine*," I say, more to myself than to him. "And it's not his assistant doing the appointment, right? It's just him?"

"I don't know." Benji lifts his shoulders. "His assistant is here and there. Plan it like he will be there, and either way, you'll be good to go."

Because of our long-term preparations to get me admitted under a fake diagnosis, Benji knows the asylum well. During the consultations about his concern for my sexual fantasies, Benji mentioned my connection to a past patient to Dr. Ambrose, and the next time he visited, my mother's file was on top of Dr. Ambrose's desk. It was easy for Benji to take the file.

The photographs in it were hard to stomach though.

There were monochrome close-up shots of her body, as if the images were records of her progress. I had to piece them together. Based on my birth certificate and the timestamps on the photos, she was only a day past childbirth, her belly still round and her bruising visible. Black patches marked her breasts and arms. There were even small wounds on her inner thighs, close to her sex.

Her death records claim she died from childbirth; it was obviously more than that. And Dr. Ambrose was her *only* caretaker back then, so he's responsible for whatever happened to her, and back then, he was only *Nurse* Ambrose. According to his notes, he kept her in isolation *to keep her perversions from escalating.*

Perversions. I hate that word. It's just like "freak." Both words imply there is a true normal. A "good" path everyone stays on when the weirdos like me stray.

But there is no "normal," and I'm not a "freak."

"What's the doctor like again?" I ask absently.

"He's big. Not scary looking or anything. Kind of…" Benji's gaze drifts off, finding its way to the building's exterior. He flinches. "I don't know. It's like he can get under your skin. A parasite you don't know is there. The kind that eats your insides."

I shiver right as a black sedan drives past. It parks near a tree. A chill settles over my heart.

Somehow, I know it's the doctor.

The driver’s door opens, and a man with broad shoulders and a thin, toned frame stands up. A long, gray ponytail is at the base of his neck, and his lab coat is smudged with dirt.

Dr. Ambrose.

I lurch back as my brows furrow. “Why is he covered in dirt? Did he just come from his part-time greenhouse job or something?”

Benji shrugs. “I don’t think he’s that kind of person, but who knows. The guy is weird.”

As the doctor heads toward the asylum, he glances at our car. We lock eyes.

He winks.

My throat contracts. Bile rises in my esophagus.

He disappears into the building.

“He’s not a gardener.” I shrink down in my seat. “He would probably rather torture plants to death.”

Or torture me.

“Probably,” Benji says.

Sourness coats the back of my tongue. I swallow it, but it’s like a wad of blood-soaked gauze is lodged under my uvula. I hate that I keep thinking about being tormented by Dr. Ambrose like he’s some angry, all-powerful god, when in reality, he’s just an abusive man in a position of power.

A man who deserves to die.

I haven’t told Benji this, but there’s a strong possibility Dr. Ambrose is my biological father. I’ve read my mother’s stolen records; she became pregnant after she began treatment at the Ambrose Asylum, so my father is probably here or *was* here. A patient. A guard. A nurse. A doctor. To be honest, I’ll take any father, as long as it’s *not* Dr. Ambrose.

But if he *is* my father, then he didn’t just kill my mother; he also abandoned me. Not because he died. Not because of any righteous reason. But because he *wanted* to.

And that’s another reason to kill him.

I don’t have any confirmation about my blood parentage. It’s easy for Benji to steal a file; it’s a little more difficult to get a blood sample.

Then again, Benji said Dr. Ambrose demanded I go to the town’s clinic to get my blood drawn. Maybe Dr. Ambrose was testing our biological relations for himself.

I sigh. I don’t want to know if Dr. Ambrose is my father. He’s my enemy. Nothing more.

“Did the doctor mention the results of my blood tests?” I ask Benji.

“He said he’d notify me if something came up. No news is good news, right?” He scratches his head. “It probably would have been better if he *did* find something.”

Then I wouldn’t have to be here.

I soften my brows, and Benji grabs my hand. Though he’s been supportive of me getting closure, he hates the asylum.

And I’m choosing to be here.

He smiles, and there’s a faint sadness underneath it. Even if—I mean, even *when*—I kill Dr. Ambrose, there’s a chance I could be hurt *or* end up in jail. Benji obviously doesn’t want either of those things to happen.

A twinge of guilt slithers in my chest. Benji is a good man with a big heart, and he treats me with respect. He hasn’t left me, and that should be enough for me.

But before I can accept his love, I need to love myself, and the only way I can do that is by killing Dr. Ambrose.

If I don’t do this, I won’t be able to live with myself.

“If I can’t change your mind,” he says quietly, “then we need to get through security now. Our appointment starts soon.”

“You won’t leave me after this, right?” I whisper, my voice quivering. I hate how pathetic I sound. I wiggle my shoulders and strengthen my tone. “You’re not going to ditch me and wimp out, right?”

“Absolutely not,” Benji says. “I’ll be here.”

He pulls a small tube from his jacket pocket. It’s as thin as a linguine noodle and as long as my finger, and it’s filled with acid. With the right aim, there’s just enough liquid to blind someone. I’ve been practicing with water on Benji.

I can do this.

I take the tube and double-check the lid is secure, then I stuff it in my sock. The container is awkward and stiff, but it’s small, so I’ll get used to it quickly. Benji has already tested getting it inside before; obviously, the metal detectors didn’t go off, and the sniffing dog wasn’t trained to identify acid.

I step out of the car, and Benji does the same. The cold air whips around us, a chill racing over my skin. Frost clings to the weeds in the cracked cement leading up to the entrance, and the few trees that surround the facility are sparse, their branches bare. Ice trickles into my bones and chest. I wrap my arms around myself and burrow into my hoodie.

I peer up at the main building and imagine Dr. Ambrose staring down at me with his dark, chilling eyes.

My insides ache. Until I finish this, I’ll always be empty. Cold. Longing for something I don’t understand.

I may end up dead or in a prison cell, but I have to do this.

I have to kill Dr. Ambrose.

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Chapter 3

Dr. Ambrose

As soon as the entrance doors to the asylum close behind me, I embrace my resting scowl. Internally, I'm quite pleased with this brief interaction with Violet, though my exterior is always one of cruelty.

Though I am the director of the entire asylum, my office is stationed in my favorite ward: the Department of Sexual Deviancy. The asylum is immensely vast; even some staff members are unaware of how to navigate the grounds. In some ways, the Ambrose Asylum is much like a haunted house with hallways that lead to nowhere and doors on the higher floors that open to the outside, the perfect cage for a ghost trapped in the world of the living. And as director, it is my job to know every crevice of this facility and to use it to my advantage.

Passing through the hallways, everything appears orderly. Patients in hospital gowns wander the hallways, while nurses usher them toward their medicine cups. Deeper inside, a guard knocks his baton into the back of a patient's head. I acknowledge the guard with a dip of my chin. He is an ex-patient of mine, one of the only graduates of my program. He once had an overwhelming affinity for corpses; I trained him to better hide his secrets so he may live an honest life. Later, I'm sure he'll enjoy the fruits of his labor with the patient he just knocked unconscious.

There is so much horror within these walls that remains hidden from the outside world. And I am grateful for how I've moved through the ranks and the privacy my position grants me. In my earliest days here, I quickly realized the CEO was hiding secrets. I followed him and found ample evidence of his gambling and prostitution addiction, all funded from grants meant to be used in the asylum. I made a promise to keep those secrets *if* he gave me more power. Eventually, that meant giving me his entire position and ownership, as well as renaming the facility in my honor. He's better off as a simple staff doctor now, returning to his roots of treating patients.

Once in my ward, I slip past the waiting area and into my office. Pine and oak permeate the air. Withered roses with dull orange centers droop in an empty vase on the desk. I cut them from the neglected garden outside of my house months ago; their transformation from living wonders to dried remains brings me joy. Even now, completely lifeless, they are beautiful, just like *she* will be.

Above my desk, the overhead light is still on; blood pumps to my groin, arousal already dancing under my skin.

My office door clicks closed, and I remove my lab coat, trousers, and boxer briefs. I stand on top of my desk chair and carefully remove the lightbulb from the fixture. Heat sizzles against my skin. The bulb is an older variety, likely to overheat and cause fires, the kind of object that should have been eradicated from the Ambrose Asylum a long time ago.

The asylum is older and in need of renovations. There is more than enough money, but I never see the need to allocate those funds when the money can be used for much more interesting things.

Once I remove the lightbulb, darkness falls over the office. I return to my chair, pull out my phone and click to another video, this time of Violet touching her clit as the cameraman, her boyfriend, grasps her neck. As he tightens his hold, blood begins to pool in her head and her skin reddens.

More, she grunts.

I press the lightbulb to my cock. My length spasms at the searing heat. The bitch turns purple, and her full lips fall open. Her beaded dark eyes fixate on her pathetic boyfriend. He releases his grip on her neck, and she inhales sharply, then hastily rubs the sensitive bundle of nerves between her legs.

I turn the lightbulb to let different areas of the hot glass burn my cock like the walls of an oven. On the underside of my length, there's a rough patch of white scar tissue, a callus where I've grown accustomed to the burns. On the head, the freshest wound is now a faint green, probably due to the coffin session. The odor of raw, neglected chicken meat floats from my groin and mixes with the scent of disinfectant in the air. My favorite ritual is to burn the skin, and when the blisters start to heal, I pull off the scabs again and *again* until I'm numb to the sensation.

I'm excited to see exactly what Violet will enjoy. She'll probably do *anything*.

After the lightbulb has cooled, I put it on my desk and grab my dick. My fingernails are just long enough to break skin if I desire, and they're packed with visible filth. There's no doubt in my mind Violet will notice my lack of hygiene, but a desperate little cunt like her will want to be used regardless.

As I stroke, each nerve reaches from my cock and sews into my spine, throbbing with pain, until the most exquisite pleasure, like a scalding bath, pulsates through me.

Then it's pure euphoria.

On the screen, Violet clasps her sopping snatch, grinding on her palm. Her boyfriend—no, her *supposed* boyfriend—came to me concerned with her salacious appetite, such that an innocent request to kneel became a need to bathe in his urine. I suspected a case of compulsive sexual behavior, but I kept the potential diagnosis to myself.

Instead, I had him film their exploits.

Violet is the perfect object for my next experiment. As much as I want to cum again, I must wait for her. I redress myself in a fresh lab coat, then replace the lightbulb in the overhead fixture.

The room brightens, illuminating the back wall behind my desk. Curtains cover a floor-to-ceiling double-sided mirror with a view of the exam room next door. The mirror is saddled with two bookcases. For now, I leave the curtains closed. Her supposed boyfriend likely knows about the double-sided mirror from his earlier visits here; however, there's no reason to flaunt it yet.

I flip through manila folders stacked on my desk. Violet's file is on one side and a copy of her mother's is on the other. Though there are many patients who share the same surname, I could never forget Ivy Ward. She was a deviant little cunt whose vile scent of arousal still emanates from the file. The aroma is reminiscent of musty old books and rancid milk.

According to our records, Ivy was undergoing treatment for compulsive sexual behavior, which was called sexual addiction at the time. During her stay, I used her to explore my own interests in deviancy.

Since I stepped into the asylum many years ago, it has been my goal to discover whether perversions are inherited or nurtured. Once I determine the answer with each of my patients, I use them to learn how to control women. When a woman denies her own bodily functions, her desperation becomes the perfect energy to fuel my experiments. It's amusing; if they embraced who they are, they wouldn't have such energetic troubles.

It will be interesting to investigate firsthand whether Violet's traits are similar to her mother's. Violet has never known her biological mother and father; therefore, any perversions she may have are *not* nurtured by her parents, but are instead completely rooted in her natural core.

I may have had other specimens to experiment on before, but Violet is the first one to truly captivate me. Her desperate need for degradation is deeper than any other patient I've encountered.

A knock rattles the office door. I close the files and adjust myself. “Come in.”

My assistant enters. His glasses fall down his nose. “Benji and the…girl are here, sir.”

The girl.

It’s such an innocent description of Violet. In my assistant’s eyes, her supposed boyfriend, Benji, deserves a name, but *she* is no longer a woman. She’s an inferior girl, undeserving of a name. In some cases, he prefers to call my patients “specimens,” giving them no agency at all.

A name is such a useful tool. For now, it will give Violet dignity and identity. Eventually, I’ll use it to fully transform her. Even a smart, vicious woman can fall victim to a manipulative tool.

In the end, Violet will be nothing more than a pathetic doll.

I nod curtly to my assistant. He closes my office door, leaving me alone for a few moments. I inspect my office a final time, ensuring the double-sided mirror is still hidden behind the curtains.

A young woman like Violet would enjoy someone watching over her from afar, wouldn’t she?

With that in mind, I scribble a note inside of her mother’s file to encourage those instincts, then I push a panel in one of the bookcases, revealing a small passage to the exam room. I place her mother’s file in a worn cabinet, letting the edge of the folder hang out, ensuring it will draw Violet’s attention later.

I return to my office, close the bookcase door, and slowly open the door to the waiting area. Finally, I’ll get to see my sweet one in the flesh, and soon, I’ll test her vaginal decency.

I’ll fuck her with my fist.

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Chapter 4

Dr. Ambrose

The couple stirs in their sunken chairs. I meet Violet's eyes, and a rush of adrenaline courses through me. She peeks up through her thick eyelashes, her deep brown, almost black irises like poisonous frogs hiding at the bottom of a well. The subtle scent of her anticipation floats through the air: ripe cherries dipped in sugar. Her dark roots stripe her blonde hair like a path marking her skull.

A pleasant shudder runs through me. Her grown-out hair roots are a reminder of the staples I'll eventually use to put her skull back together again.

For now, she remains whole.

I turn to her supposed boyfriend. "Benji."

"Dr. Ambrose," he murmurs. He keeps his eyes lowered.

I address Violet next. "Your boyfriend tells me you were recently fired from your job due to sexual compulsions." I scrutinize her down my long, hooked nose. "You will follow my assistant to the exam room. There, you will undress and wait for the initial examination."

"Undress?" Violet squeals, her high-pitched tone slicing through the air as she sits up in her seat. "Why?"

My cock twitches, and a hint of disgust snarls across my face. Surely, she should have expected *something* like this in her case, but perhaps she is

shocked by the immediacy. Only seconds after meeting, I'm already ordering her to undress.

She squirms in her seat, ready to bolt. I stifle a grin; this restless behavior is simply a symptom of repressed desire.

I clench my jaw. "All inpatients undress for their physical exams," I state. "You must go through a series of exams to ensure the safety of yourself *and* the staff. You don't want to hurt anyone, do you, Violet?"

Her lips twist, her forehead furrowed. "Inpatient? Who said anything about staying?" She stands and crosses her arms. "My condition isn't about my body. It's about my mind. I'm not undressing for an—"

I swiftly grab her arm, maneuvering her like a puppet. She shrinks, and her fear and arousal swirl in my head; now, it reminds me of berries at the first sign of rot. There are so many possibilities when it comes to someone as bottomless as Violet, and this resistance and surrender is a part of the foreplay she craves.

Benji cowers in his seat, and my assistant waits by my side. Violet bares her teeth at me, hatred practically leaking from her bones. It's laughable. I grit my teeth and lean in closer to her.

"Even if you do not plan to hurt yourself *or me*," I say, my tone biting, teasing her with the potential, "you will soon understand mental apprehensions like yours often exhibit in the physical exterior. Our examinations of these perversions are part of our protocol here. We *must* endure these recalibration techniques if we wish to heal your behavior."

Violet's breathing hitches, and her putrid scent stinks up the air even more. Fear. Arousal. *Need.*

In my periphery, I catch my assistant smirking. I hide my amusement, and instead, I adjust my shoulders, which bolsters my expression of irritation and disgust. I'm not disgusted though. In fact, I'm quite pleased with this verbal interaction with Violet. Her resistance will be entertaining, and it will teach me more about conditioning others like her.

At the center of her being, the parts of her she ignores and denies, Violet *knows* who she is: a disgusting little freak desperate to be used. My goal is to help her find herself.

Then, I'll fully transform her.

"But—" Violet begins, then stops short. Her gaze falls to the floor. She swallows, then rubs her hands down her leggings. "Dr. Ambrose," she tries again. "Please. I'd prefer it if Benji were present for this. If he could—"

This time, I can't help it. A hint of a smile pulls at my lips. *Please?* She thinks she can simply be polite and agreeable to get what she wants?

"Right now, Benji is not my patient," I say firmly. "You are, Miss Ward. And any activity from here on out will determine your treatment, and that includes your sexual behaviors as well as everything else." Her cheeks darken, embarrassment coloring her skin. I raise a brow. "You want to be good for me, don't you?"

Her eyelids flutter. "Of course," she whispers.

Good.

"Then you will do as I command," I say in a low voice. I nod toward my assistant. "We'll begin the physical examination at once. Please go to the exam room now."

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Chapter 5

Violet

"Now?" I squeak. "Wait!"

My pulse races in my ears, each thump whooshing through me. I press my hands against my chest to calm my heart, but it's no use.

This is it. If I don't do this, I don't know when I'll get another chance to be *this close* to Dr. Ambrose. As long as my mother's murderer dies, then everything will be worth it.

Right?

Tension fists my throat. Benji's warnings burst through me.

Most people don't leave the asylum alive, he had said. *Most of them die there. And the ones that die? They're probably better off. A lot of the doctors don't care who you are; they do what they want to supposedly heal you. Your mom was probably lucky to die in childbirth.*

My knees loosen as weakness flutters through me. I steady myself, lift my chin, and stare up at Dr. Ambrose. Most of the doctor is professional: his bleach-white lab coat, the staff badge hanging from his collar, his striped tie. The dirt stains are gone; he must have changed his clothes before meeting with me. But there are white marks, what look like old scars, patching his hands, with small black and brown spots dotting those scars. He's older, between fifty and sixty. His receding hairline exposes his scalp in an M pattern, and the long, smooth strands are pulled into a low ponytail

at the base of his neck. Tinged gray teeth fill his mouth, and his stature is tall, his shoulders wide, his stomach lean, like he doesn't eat much *and* he works out. A scent, both dusty and wet, expels with his breath.

He raises his bulbous, hooked nose. Yellow circles burrow underneath his eyes, his blackish-brown irises inspecting me.

Shivers plow down my skin, an ache pinching my lower back. I fidget with my hair. He's a horrible, unattractive man, but my brain works faster, seeing the things he *could* do to me.

My ex never did anything outside of the norm. When it comes to Benji, he's even more gentle—besides the videos, that is—and after we recorded our sex, he always apologized profusely, as if he thought he would never be able to make it up to me, even though I was the one who *asked* him to do it. As if he truly believed I was reluctant, a good girl who would never do those awful things on my own.

I have this gut instinct Dr. Ambrose will *want* to explore the threshold of my boundaries.

And he may be my father.

Flashes of the past lock me into their downward spiral, a looping whirlpool threatening to drown me. My ex and I had a vanilla sex life where I faked orgasms. He always believed my moans were real.

Then one day we found my real birth certificate and my biological mother's death certificate. According to the record, my mother didn't die from an overdose like I had been told by my foster parents; she died during childbirth at the Ambrose Asylum, where she was being treated for sexual addiction.

That's when we found out she was a deviant.

I couldn't stop wondering if *that's* what was missing from my life. Being preoccupied by my ex and our lousy sex life was better than blaming myself for killing her during childbirth, so I asked him to hurt me, to use me, to treat me like shit, so I could feel like she did.

I don’t know, Violet. That kind of shit is for freaks, he had said.

Freaks.

Freaks like my mom.

Freaks like me.

After years of trying to please him, his rejection detonated my resolve. No matter what I did for him, he would never truly accept me.

I faked every orgasm I had with you, I shouted. *Even if we did that freaky shit, you couldn’t make me cum if you tried.*

For a while, it didn’t register to me that we had broken up. I was so obsessed with daydreams of my mother and the asylum that I forgot about him. Then, one day at work, he showed up with his new girlfriend.

It’s sad, but she’s a pervert like her mother, the new girlfriend said quietly to my coworker. *Like mother, like daughter.*

That’s why I dumped her, my ex added. *What a fucking freak.*

Everyone, including the other customers and my coworkers, gawked at me.

I felt so alone.

I don’t remember how I reacted. What I do know is I went to my mother’s grave. *Freak* was graffitied in pink across her name. Had my ex and his new girlfriend marked her headstone? Or was it someone else? It seemed so unlikely that anyone else would know about my mother’s treatment, but what if they did? What if there were other people who were disgusted by her like they were disgusted by me?

I was twenty-two back then. I tried to suppress my obsession. I tried to pretend everything was fine, that I was normal, even if my coworkers wouldn’t look me in the eyes anymore, even if strangers whispered about me behind my back. But I couldn’t concentrate. Eventually, I lost my job, and my foster parents kicked me out. They had been charging me rent, but it was still better to live with them while I worked and saved for college.

I packed everything I had in a backpack and moved to the small town where my mother was buried, the town closest to the asylum. I had to be closer to her. There had to be more to her story.

Then, when I was twenty-three, I met Benji. He had been a foster kid like me, so he understood the need for parental closure like this, and for a while, I didn't care if we had quiet, missionary sex in the dark. I was safe.

But desperation kept unfurling inside of me, wrapping its chains around my isolated heart. I had to figure out everything I could about my mother. Benji had grown up in the area and mentioned a rumor that a lot of the patients at the Ambrose Asylum died from abuse. After I turned twenty-four, I became restless for answers, and Benji knew he had to do something for me soon, otherwise, I would take it into my own hands. So, he promised he would look into my mother. He would steal her files. He would interview the doctors. He would investigate other patients. He would do anything I asked, as long as I stayed away from the asylum.

Once Benji stole my mother's file and her records confirmed she died from abuse, *not childbirth*, I asked Benji to make a copy of the file, return it, and see if Dr. Ambrose would examine me in person. By then, Benji trusted me more, and he was comforted that he would be going to the asylum *with* me.

Then, shortly after I turned twenty-five, the video requests came, and when Benji saw how enthusiastic I was, he inched away from me, his eyes darting like I was a predator hunting *him.* He never said the word, and yet it was there, an apparition blocking us from truly connecting: *Freak.*

Even though the Ambrose Asylum has an unlawful reputation, there's no doubt in my mind I need this. I need to kill Dr. Ambrose, but I also need to understand where I came from and who I am. In a way, being here brings me closer to my mother.

And possibly to my father.

Bile rises in my throat. I swallow it down and flex my fingers. Dr. Ambrose might be my father. I can't change that.

But I can make him pay for what he's done.

He needs to believe I belong here so I can be close to him. And once I kill him, I'll be able to move on with my life.

If I don't die trying, that is.

"Are we still waiting, or are you ready, Miss Ward?" Dr. Ambrose asks, his voice low and melodic, calling me into his depths, the same way he must have lulled my mother into a false sense of security.

Am I ready to see what my mother endured? To see if I'm really a freak?

I squeeze Benji's hand. "I'll see you on the other side."

"Eventually," Dr. Ambrose says.

A chill rushes through me. I snap back to the doctor and cross my arms, pretending I'm unafraid of him.

He raises a brow. "Oliver will take care of you now."

Those words tickle my earlobe, and slight disappointment prickles my skin.

Oliver. The assistant. *Not* Dr. Ambrose.

I'm not disappointed because I want Dr. Ambrose to be the one to prepare me for the exam, I tell myself. *I'm disappointed because I want to kill Dr. Ambrose now—*

Benji clasps my hand. His eyes are full and wet, silently pleading for me *not* to do this.

My lips curl down. I don't want to upset Benji, but it also confuses and angers me that he swears he's supportive of me being here, but he always tries to change my mind.

I've lost sleep. Skipped meals. Destroyed friendships. Ended a relationship. I was supposed to stay with my foster parents until I could get

through college, but once they saw my obsession cost me my job, they kicked me out.

I need to do this for my mother *and* myself.

“Yes, Doctor,” the assistant in glasses says. My pulse skips a beat. He gestures to the side. “Follow me.”

And I do.

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Chapter 6

Violet

Before I have the chance to straighten my clothes, the assistant is out the door. I catch up to him as he unlocks a nearby room. The key jiggles in the lock, then he pushes open the door.

An adjustable exam bed with paper lining is stationed in the back of the room. A sink is bordered by cabinets and countertops, and in the corner, a metal filing cabinet is busted open. A drain is in the middle of the blackened tiles. Light flickers from the fixtures overhead, casting shadows beneath a circular, wheeled stool.

And a mirror covers the entire back wall.

Every muscle in my back tightens. The mirror's surface is dingy and gray, like old mop water, and my reflection looks different, as if my entire body is distorted. Another version of me shedding from the inner carcass.

Benji mentioned a double-sided mirror he saw in Dr. Ambrose's office. This must be it. Dr. Ambrose is probably watching everything right now.

The assistant motions to the bed. "Please undress and sit on the exam table. The doctor will be in shortly."

I bite my lip. My eyes flicker around the room, searching for a paper dress. "Where's my gown?"

The assistant's nostrils flare. "We will be conducting a full body examination, Miss Ward. Your modesty is unnecessary here."

I frown. The assistant is slightly taller than me with short black hair. He can't be more than ten years older than me, and yet he acts like he's a scholar and I'm a failing student. He's probably as bad as Dr. Ambrose. If I get the chance, maybe I'll kill him too.

For now, my goal is Dr. Ambrose.

I hold the bottom of my shirt. The assistant removes a clipboard from one of the cabinets, then leans on the sink as he takes notes. Is he staying for this too?

"You expect me to undress while you're in the room?" I ask.

He purses his lips. "*Now,* Miss Ward."

"Turn around."

He huffs. "The specimen needs my assistance then."

I wrinkle my brow. "The *what?*"

He bounds toward me. A breath catches in my throat. He grabs my shirt and hoodie, and I shove his chest, pushing him away from me.

"What the fuck?" I yell.

His hands scrape my stomach as he wrenches the clothes over my head, then twists my arms behind my back. My chest slams into the exam table, and the paper lining crunches under my cheek. His peppery cologne engulfs me.

My core flames with the need to scratch his eyes out *and* the desire to thrust my ass into his groin.

I don't like this, I tell myself. *I'm here for my mother. I'm not into the assistant. And I'm definitely not into Dr. Ambrose. I'm here for—*

With his free hand, the assistant pulls down my thong and thermal leggings. Cold air cascades over my ass, my skin pebbling in goosebumps.

The tube of acid is lodged against my foot. I need to play nice, so he leaves me alone, then I can hide the vial without his knowledge.

"Undress," he mutters. "Or I will get rid of the clothes *for you.*"

His voice is dry and harsh, as if my existence is an inconvenience to him. Acid rises in my esophagus, repulsion and excitement warring in my rib cage. He's so dismissive that it's infuriating, but there's something else there, buried inside of me, that isn't quite sure how to feel. A part that enjoys this for some reason. A part that thinks it would be better if it came from Dr. Ambrose.

I shift on my feet. The tube of acid rides against the arch of my foot. Slowly, I push down my leggings. I don't take them off completely yet.

The assistant steps back, returning to his clipboard. His face remains blank, as if forcefully stripping someone's clothes is a normal part of his job. Maybe it is.

I take off my bra. A metallic clang echoes, startling me.

The assistant arranges a tray of medical equipment with so many tools, I'm not even sure what they are.

"Follow orders," he barks. "Undress. Then sit."

I undress cautiously. Once his back is to me again, I take off my socks and shoes, then quickly hide the vial under the exam table. My hip bumps into the table and shifts it. The assistant flips around.

"What are you doing?" he snaps.

I cross my arms over my bare chest. "Waiting for you to get on with it."

He huffs. I sit my bare ass on the paper lining. The leather's chill seeps through the barrier. He narrows his eyes, then glances from me to the tray to the exam table.

He's disinterested in me again. I let out a breath.

He takes my clothes and shoes off of the floor, then stuffs them inside of a biohazard bag. I straighten and blink at my reflection. My skin prickles. Is Dr. Ambrose watching me? Did he see me hide the vial?

Does he want me?

My cheeks redden. I don't know why that crossed my mind. If Dr. Ambrose is my father, then he made it pretty damn clear he wanted nothing

to do with me. And I can't think about anything sexual like that. Not right now. Not when I'm here because of my murdered mother.

The assistant removes two stirrups from the exam table's far edge. My stomach churns, my temperature rising.

"Those are for a gynecological exam," I say. "Why would—"

"This is about your sexual behavior, Miss Ward," he says. "Obviously, we'll need to inspect your holes."

My stomach flutters. *Inspect my holes?*

Like I'm an object they can examine.

A specimen under a microscope.

A toy to use.

I grit my teeth and scrunch my eyes, forcing those thoughts away. I can't think like that. I need to focus.

The filing cabinet catches my attention. The top drawer is partially open, files are pooling out of the second drawer, and rust speckles the bottom of the cabinet. It's reflective of everything in the asylum. Used. Abandoned. Forgotten.

But I'm here. And Dr. Ambrose will be here soon.

I'm not here for myself, I repeat inwardly. *I'm definitely not here because of some messed-up fantasies I may or may not actually have. I'm here for my mother. I'm here because I'm going to kill him.*

Metal twists in the lock. The door flies open. My throat constricts. Nerves drip down to my stomach.

Dr. Ambrose enters and towers over me. He beams down his curved nose, amusement pursing his lips. His jaw ticks. A clinical and acidic aroma fills the room, as if his mere presence can swallow everything it comes into contact with.

And his full attention is on me.

He rolls the stool over to the exam table and sits in front of me.

"Feet in the stirrups," he commands.

I put my feet in the metal footrests and angle my knees inward. *I have to do this*, I remind myself. *This is part of getting his guard down. Just because you're doing what he says, doesn't mean you've given in.*

"Move your hips down so we can see you, Miss Ward," Dr. Ambrose adds. "Your boyfriend told me about your exhibitionist tendencies. Don't hide when you know you want to be seen."

Electricity surges from between my thighs down to my toes. I'm not actually an exhibitionist. I suggested using it as a "reason" for Benji's fake concerns about my sexual behavior.

But a tiny part of me wonders if it *is* true. Do I want to be seen like this? Maybe I do.

But I don't want to be seen by Dr. Ambrose.

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Chapter 7

Violet

As I stare at the decaying ceiling, I console myself. *I chose to be here,* I think. *The acid is right under us. Follow the rules. Get close to him. Then kill the motherfucker.*

"Do I need to repeat myself?" Dr. Ambrose grunts. "Move. Your. Hips. Down."

Follow the rules. Get close to him. Then kill.

I quickly force myself down to the edge of the table, not giving myself a chance to question why Dr. Ambrose wants to see my pussy up close. The assistant removes an attached flashlight from the side of the exam table. A spotlight shines between my legs right as Dr. Ambrose's icy fingers pull my lower lips apart.

I gasp. Don't most gynecologists warm their hands before an exam like this?

"You're freezing!" I shriek and jerk up. "Dr. Ambrose—"

"Hush now," he says.

His filthy nails dig into my hips and push me down on the table. He's not even wearing gloves! The pressure of his grip on me increases. I flinch. It's like he has violent talons; one wrong move, and he could shred me.

"Lie down and be quiet, or you *will* face consequences," he says.

Be quiet?

Seething, I lift my head. We scrutinize each other, each of us daring the other to back down. I will “face consequences,” huh? Does he think I’m a damn child? I’ll show *him* the consequence of getting acid in his eyes and a stool lodged into the back of his skull!

Sharp tendons angle in his jaw, and my lips part. Everything about him is sinewy and strong, an appearance of indestructibility. Like he’ll make me do this whether I like it or not.

My mouth goes dry. I look away. My body is on fire, and I have no idea why. What is going on?

“Be good for me,” Dr. Ambrose murmurs. “Lie down, sweet one.”

A grimace shakes through me, but I flatten myself against the bed. The paper lining crunches under my back. Heat pounces my thighs, which I do my best to ignore. On the ceiling, there are patches of rot, like a pipe has been leaking for years, and that’s what my brain feels like: Dr. Ambrose is breaking something inside of me, and I’m beginning to rot.

I’m following orders because I have to obey him, I tell myself. *This has nothing to do with me and everything to do with killing him. It only feels like I’m on fire because—*

Because I—

He picks through my folds, moving my lower lips in each direction, his inspection warming my insides. His acidic odor crowds me. I want to gag, and at the same time, my pussy scorches with need.

He spreads my pussy lips again like petals being plucked from a rose. His fingers are the same temperature as me now, or maybe I’m the same as him. I don’t know. I’m an animal in a testing lab, a prisoner restrained in a cage. I hate that he’s doing this to me. I hate that I’m—

“Growing moist already,” Dr. Ambrose says, his voice full of gravel. Chills worm down my back. He nods to his assistant. “This may be the quickest duration from standard moisture to lubricated arousal we’ve seen in decades. Take note of the time, Oliver.”

“Yes, Doctor,” the assistant says.

Did he say “decades”? Does that mean he’s talking about my mother? *And arousal?*

I’m *not* aroused. Dr. Ambrose is lying. Even if I am technically wet, it’s not about him. Attention like this probably turns most people on, and for fuck’s sake, he has *nothing* to compare my current moisture level to; he’s just making random observations. He’s not even a real doctor!

According to my research, the asylum records claim he attended certain universities to get his degrees, but those schools don’t have any evidence of his attendance. I even bribed one of the university clerks to check for me; nothing came up. No Alicks. No Ambroses.

I don’t know *how* Dr. Ambrose got his position as the director of the entire asylum, his name on the facility, and his office in the Department of Sexual Deviancy, but he’s *not* a doctor. He’s using the title to increase his power over people. Over his patients.

Over me.

Dr. Ambrose leans closer, his head between my knees as he examines me like a beetle pinned to a board. Pressure increases in my pussy muscles. My mound is raw. Sweat beads my forehead, and my thighs grow clammy. He’s a heat lamp, and I’m going to burn.

The flashlight beaming on me is hot. That’s what this is. I’m *not* aroused.

“Fragrant,” the doctor says.

The assistant scribbles a note on the clipboard. I touch the back of my neck. What is he talking about?

Dr. Ambrose clears his throat. “Very odorous, indeed.”

“I noticed as well, Doctor,” the assistant says.

Odorous? I grit my teeth. Is he talking about the way my pussy smells?

I clench my jaw, but I keep myself on the exam table. Scents are natural. *It’s a normal fucking vagina*, *you assholes*, I seethe internally.

Follow the rules. Get close. Then he'll be gone.

"Her musk is ten times stronger than average, which is potentially indicative of her atypical tendencies," the doctor adds.

My entire body flames red. I admit sometimes, when I'm aroused, I do have a strong scent, and sometimes, it does embarrass me. I've had it checked out before, and the gynecologist reassured me it was normal. It usually only happens when I'm alone, pleasuring myself. Never with Benji or my ex.

So why is it happening now?

I press my knees together. This isn't about Dr. Ambrose, his assistant, or what I want. This is about killing him. My body is just playing along.

"Clipboard down. Hold her legs apart," Dr. Ambrose says.

Knives stab my insides. He's going to hold me down?

"Wait." I sit up. "I'll keep them open. Don't—"

The assistant slams my knees open. My tendons and muscles strain, stretched to their limits. I pant, and the pain ignites in my stomach.

Dr. Ambrose traces a finger between my folds, his fingertip sliding on my slickness. It tickles. I bite my lip, refusing to experience any sort of pleasure.

Pain bites between my legs. I squirm and see his fingers around my clit. Is he pinching me?

I snarl. "Pinching me is *not* part of a real exam."

"And you are the professional here?" Dr. Ambrose asks coolly.

Unease rolls in my chest. His gaze roams over me. My skin dampens. How does a sheer look from him make me sweat?

He rolls my clit between his fingers. Energy incinerates me. My hips rotate closer to him.

"Do you want me to stop?" Dr. Ambrose asks, grinning with apparent sarcasm. "Perhaps we can complete this examination on another day."

My insides tingle. We can't stop now. Not with how much I've done to be here.

Obey. The vial is under the exam table. Get close to him. And then—

"Do you see this?" Dr. Ambrose muses as he studies between my legs. "Arousal is dripping out of her, and all it took was a brief squeeze of the clitoris. It is quite sensitive."

The two men chuckle. My breathing is rapid, my cheeks heavy. *It is quite sensitive?* I know he's talking about my body being sensitive, but it feels like he's talking about *me.* Like I'm not even here. Like I'm not a person with thoughts, feelings, and desires, but a *thing* they're analyzing. An *it.*

It feels good to be useful though.

The thought blasts me like a cannon, and I bite my tongue as hard as I can to get rid of it. It doesn't disappear though.

I'm under stress right now, I tell myself. *My mind is conjuring pleasure so I can get through this.*

I stare at the decaying acoustical panels above me, but my mind fills with images of Dr. Ambrose's stained hands manipulating me.

His nails dig into my clit.

"Ouch!" I yelp.

"Still mouthy," the doctor says. "We'll have to remedy that. However, it appears the patient *likes* pain, so we'll have to adjust the punishments."

He pinches my clit again, and the pain zaps through me.

I shout: "You fucking ass—"

"It is quite reactive," the doctor murmurs.

It. There's that word again.

An object. A toy. A thing.

An unmistakable drip travels down my pussy lips to my ass. I close my eyes, willing the sensations to dissolve. I'm reacting to physical touch; it has nothing to do with being objectified or with *him.*

“Look at the natural lubrication,” Dr. Ambrose says. “She’s leaking like a broken faucet.”

“Perhaps she *is* broken, sir,” the assistant says.

They break into laughter. Flames demolish every part of me, and need oozes out of my pussy. I’m *not* broken. My mother wasn’t broken either. If anyone is “broken,” it’s the fake doctor who uses his status to take advantage of patients.

The vial. The acid is underneath us.

If I split the acid between two people, there’s no promise it will blind both of them enough for me to kill them with an accessible makeshift weapon. But maybe, with some luck, I can do it.

The sink. The filing cabinet. No…the stool. I’ll probably have to use the stool to attack them. Will I have enough time to kill both of them?

Metal glints at the corner of my vision. The assistant hands Dr. Ambrose a vaginal speculum the size of a large forearm.

Every thought evaporates from my brain. My vision tunnels.

“That’s way too big!” I kick my feet, knocking straight into the assistant’s hand. The metal instrument clangs to the floor. I leer at Dr. Ambrose. “You are *not* putting that in me.”

I scramble off of the table and reach toward the floor. The vial is there. My hands frantically sweep the tile. Where is it? It has to be here!

Dr. Ambrose picks me up and shoves me down flat on the exam table.

“Steady the hips,” he says. The assistant seizes my shoulders and lies across me, using his body weight to keep me down. His lab coat scratches against my skin. Dr. Ambrose steps back and grabs the speculum off of the floor. “Keep her steady. We don’t want to damage her any further.”

“Fuck you!” I flail, but with the assistant lying on top of me, it’s impossible to do anything. “Fuck you both—”

The metal pries my pussy apart, like a knife cutting my sides open. With a punch to the back of the device, Dr. Ambrose crams the metal inside me.

Convulsions wreak havoc through my abdomen, my body instantly cramping.

I heave. He is literally prying me apart.

I breathe as slowly as I can and push the pain away. *Follow the rules. Obey. Soon, I'll—*

A metal gear churns; the speculum's mouth widens with every twist of Dr. Ambrose's fingers. Spasms charge through me.

He's going to rip me in half.

As I mewl, the assistant looks over his shoulder between my thighs. Dr. Ambrose fixes the bolt into place, then leers at my pussy hole. My clit throbs. I'm so wide, I'm positive he can see my cervix.

Dr. Ambrose stretches my pussy even wider with the speculum. My clit pulsates; each throb travels to my head, making it so I can barely think. Why am I doing this?

I'm here for a reason, I think. *I'm here because of him. He has to—*

"Quite elastic," Dr. Ambrose says. "Don't you agree, Oliver?"

"The muscles are strong," the assistant says. "Potentially due to daily use."

Dr. Ambrose chuckles. "It seems the body wants more. I'll move on with the internal examination."

How is this *not* the internal examination?

The speculum is yanked from me; the widest part dredges my pelvic bone, and a cry slashes through my throat. I writhe in agony; the assistant's bodyweight keeps me in place.

My eyes water. Dr. Ambrose didn't even close the speculum first.

Wetness spills from my pussy, and I shake my head. Even if I kick their tools, they won't let me go.

I'm doing this for a reason, I repeat internally. *I'm doing this for my mother. I'm doing this so I can kill Dr. Ambrose and end his torment. I don't like this. I'm not doing this for me. I can't—*

The assistant adjusts his position, using only his hands to keep me down. Then he twists his neck, as if to ogle my gaping pussy. I blush and look away.

Right then, Dr. Ambrose rams two fingers in me; his nails scrape my bruised tissue. Discomfort, pain, and pleasure ripple through me. I squirm as much as I can, but the assistant has a firm grip on my shoulders.

Dr. Ambrose uses his other hand to circle my clit, simultaneously fingering me and manipulating my bundle of nerves. Warmness waves through me; my hips push forward.

I see a glimpse of Dr. Ambrose's fingers on my clit. His fingernails are filthy; he's the *last* person I'd want to finger-fuck me, and yet my body itches and my pussy clenches his fingers like I want more. More of being forced. More of these sensations. More of everything.

"Not as tight as one would expect for a twenty-five-year-old," Dr. Ambrose says as he adds a third finger. I wiggle. I'm sensitive all over. Dr. Ambrose addresses his assistant. "Your thoughts?"

"In most cases, one would expect the overuse of the vaginal canal to eventually lead to a wider diameter."

It's like they're discussing a medical essay.

"Your fucked-up heads have a wider diameter!" I shout.

They ignore me.

"Ah, one would think that, but the vagina is quite elastic," Dr. Ambrose says to his assistant. "Perhaps the patient has a wide vagina due to her heredity."

My mother.

"You fucking assholes," I scream. "You—"

Dr. Ambrose removes his fingers and licks them. His eyes roll to the back of his head, like it's the best thing he's ever tasted.

My jaw drops. Did he just *taste* me?

He offers his hand to his assistant. “Taste it,” he says. The assistant licks the offering in one long stroke. Dr. Ambrose turns to me. “Rotten, isn’t it?” he murmurs. “It’s the only way to describe it. The cunt is putrid to the core.”

“I agree, Doctor,” the assistant says.

I hide under my hands. It reminds me of my earlier thoughts about Dr. Ambrose breaking something in me, how I’m decaying from the inside out.

I have to do something, right? I have to—

Dr. Ambrose locks onto my gaze. My belly simmers. As he licks his hand clean, his free hand caresses his groin through his pants. His tongue carefully swims between each finger, refusing to let a single drop go to waste. His erection fully tents his pants, and my jaw unhinges, dropping to the floor. His bulge is the same length as the clipboard. It’s monstrous.

And he *likes* doing this to me.

Dr. Ambrose inserts four fingers into me this time. The pressure pulls me apart and fills me with unbearable heat.

“Disgusting, isn’t it? A cunt who can’t be satisfied by a loving, *normal* boyfriend,” Dr. Ambrose says. The assistant chuckles, and Dr. Ambrose sneers. “No wonder he brought you in.”

My lips are parched. He’s talking about Benji. Benji never said I was a freak, but I could tell he thought I was strange, and now, Dr. Ambrose thinks I am too.

But Dr. Ambrose’s mouth is open and wet, and his erection pokes his pants. Arousal ravages his eyes, his intensity aimed at me.

Every part of me aches. I’m strange. I’m a freak.

And Dr. Ambrose *still* wants me.

“My assistant barely has to hold you down now,” Dr. Ambrose says.

The two men exchange a glance, and I whimper. *Damn it.* Why does the assistant have to be here? If he wasn’t here, I could kill Dr. Ambrose right

now. Acid in his eyes. The stool in the back of his head. As soon as he was done inserting his fingers, I would—

Dr. Ambrose pulls out his fingers rapidly, and their sudden absence steals the air from my lungs. He spits into his palm, then rubs the saliva over his hands.

"The patient obviously doesn't need the extra lubrication. Regardless, we must test for arousal due to saliva," Dr. Ambrose murmurs. "You see, Oliver? Her mouth dropped open with this simple gesture. Imagine what she'd do if I spit on her nasty twat."

I smash my lips closed. Every fiber in my body tenses. My fingers contort. My heart races. Dr. Ambrose is driving my pussy—and my *mind*—insane. He said my pussy smells strongly, that I was too loose for a twenty-five-year-old, that my pussy juices tasted rancid, and somehow, he's aroused by doing this to me. Why don't I want him to stop?

Then my mind spins.

Saliva.

Lubrication.

He's going to put his fifth finger inside of me.

I can't fit his fist!

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Chapter 8

Violet

"D-Dr. Ambrose," I stutter. Fear churns my stomach, waves of nausea reaching the back of my mouth. I lift up, and the assistant pushes me back down on the exam table again. "You can't put your whole hand inside of me. I don't want that. It's too big!"

"Ah, but with a used-up cunt like yours, you can take it," Dr. Ambrose croons. He lowers his mouth, and his warm, wet tongue slides across the ridges of my asshole, tickling me, then his tongue dips up into my cunt, lapping my arousal. His mouth hovers over my clit, his breath teasing me. "You can verbally deny your desires if it helps you acclimate to our procedures here, but the evidence is plainly visible between your legs. I know what your body can take. And you *will* take it."

I gulp. Dryness irritates my esophagus. I'm being squished to death by invisible forces of desire: the need to do what he says, to hear his approval when I take his fist, and the fucking terror of how it might shred me to pieces.

This is for my mother, I tell myself. *My mother. My mother. My mother. This isn't what I want. This isn't for me. I'm supposed to—*

The assistant tightens his grasp on my shoulders, and I rattle on the table, the paper crackling. Dr. Ambrose puts his fingertips together, creating a teardrop shape with his fist.

My eyes burn; my vision blurs. It would be stupid of me to fight him now, wouldn't it? The assistant is here; there would be no chance of success. I have to wait until we're alone. That's why I'm sitting here, waiting to be fisted. It's not because I want to do this. I don't *want* his fist.

Do I?

Dr. Ambrose puts his coned fingers at the edge of my pussy hole.

"Let's see how much this useless pussy can take," he growls.

His fist pushes past my pelvic bone. I wail. Pain obliterates me, my pussy pulsating around his fist. Everything aches like my insides are exposed and raw.

Tears stream down my cheeks. I don't know what's happening to me.

This is not for me, I tell myself. *Not for me. Not—*

"Look at the puppet!" Dr. Ambrose's hollow laugh booms through the exam room. "You may simply observe now, Oliver."

The assistant steps back, reclines against the wall, and watches me.

Dr. Ambrose ripples his fingers in my pussy, and I can't focus on anything but *him.* I weep. I want so badly to move—to scream and tear Dr. Ambrose apart with my bare hands—but if I move, overwhelming ecstasy rips through me, and I can barely breathe as it is.

"The stretched out cunt likes it," Dr. Ambrose says. "Is that the only way it can cum? By being used to the point of worthlessness?"

It. My pussy is an it.

I am an it.

Not for me, I chant internally. *This is not for me.*

I have to do this.

I have to—

What am I supposed to do?

I'm supposed to—

I stare at Dr. Ambrose, my lips agape, my body tingling. He rotates his hand, my hips thrust to take in more, and I cry. Oh, damn it all, I *cry,*

because I don’t understand what’s happening to me right now. Being fisted by a criminal, a horrible man, a man who could be my father, isn’t something anyone *should* enjoy, and yet I’m ready to explode. My mind flares with wanton instinct.

He punches my cervix, and I twist around his physical manipulation. I hyperventilate, each breath scraping my throat like razor wire. I can’t think of anything. I can’t. I can’t—

“Already on the verge of orgasm,” Dr. Ambrose says.

With his free hand, he rubs my clit. Tears cover my cheeks. He’s so filthy, it’s wrong, but my body *needs* release.

He growls. “Look at me, you fucking freak.”

I moan. I try to focus. I hate that fucking word. I hate it.

I lock eyes with him. “Don’t you dare call me a freak—”

“I’ll call you whatever I want,” he snarls. He stands from the stool, bent over me with his fist still inside of my pussy, his wrist riding against my pelvic bone, and his other fingers pinching my clit. He leans closer so I hear every word: “From now on, you will only cum when I abuse your clit. You will learn to associate pain with pleasure. And as our first task, you’re going to cum to a man you’ve barely met fist-fucking you in an asylum. Remember that, cunt. You’re not a good, *normal* woman. You’re a disgusting little freak.”

His fingernails dig into my clit, and I scream, my pussy constricting around his fist, waves of pleasure leaking through me. He’s right. I *am* cumming. Air compresses from my lungs, molten lava swallowing my entire form. Sparkling light brightens my vision, and I cry so fucking hard, my pussy contracts in violent surges.

The largest part of his knuckles grind against my pelvic bone as he removes his fist.

My jaw drops.

My pussy is raw. My skin is on fire.

And I’m empty.

A grin spreads across his lips. “The disappointment on your face is priceless.”

My eyes widen at his cock stretching his pants; his length is abnormally long, like a varicose vein winding around his thigh. A snake ready to wrap around my neck and choke me to death.

I grit my teeth. No. This man will *not* kill me. I’ll kill him. All it takes is time.

Exhaustion flows through me as I lie on the exam table. Then he shoves me so I’m facing the mirror. His chest presses against my back, his chin resting in the crook of my neck. When he puts his hands between my legs, I thrust my hips.

I hate it, but I want more.

“Don’t worry, sweet one,” he says in a low voice. His hand cups my pussy, and the other slithers around, grabbing my hand in his. “You can say hello to your boyfriend through this mirror.”

I flush, heat radiating through me. *Benji.* Was Benji in Dr. Ambrose’s office this entire time? It may be the standard protocol for a patient’s guardian to watch the initial examination here, or maybe Dr. Ambrose is careless, and that’s how Benji was able to steal my mother’s file.

I redden all over again and lower my eyes. If Benji saw me—if he’s watching me right now—then he’ll know I’ve never acted like this with him. He’ll know I came from being used.

“He was right, wasn’t he?” Dr. Ambrose says. “You are a wanton little cunt, so desperate to cum, you even took my fist.” My clit rides against his palm. I close my eyes, pressing back into him. He whispers, “I bet he never made you feel this good.”

I blubber, and Dr. Ambrose slips a finger inside of me, curling toward the uncontrollable spot where I’ll either cum or die. My pussy is sore and

tender from the fisting, but I'm already *there*, about to jump over into the abyss.

"What will Benji think if he sees you cum *again?* Will he think you're pretending? Or will he know you can't help yourself?" Dr. Ambrose laughs. "Now he knows with certainty you're nothing but a fucked-up little whore."

My belly clinches in a mix of hatred and lust right as Dr. Ambrose crushes my clit. I clench my muscles, refusing to cum. I can't let him control me.

"Fuck. You," I rasp.

"Oh, sweet one." He nibbles my neck, the light pain of his incisors taunting me. "You'd love that, wouldn't you?"

Rage blinds me. I twist around, hurling myself at him. The assistant races toward us, but Dr. Ambrose is faster. He grabs my head, digging his fingernails into my cheeks, my face tucked between his hands.

"Tell me you're not ill," he growls.

I snap my teeth, and he squeezes his grip on my head. Pain flickers in my temple, and I soften. His eyes roam over mine, digging into every facet of my brain, exposing me to his will.

I tremble. It's too much.

"Tell me you faked every action," he continues in a low voice. "Tell me your sexual behaviors aren't compulsive. Tell me there's not a depraved bone in your body."

Tears drench me. He knows I can't say it.

"Go on." He raises a brow. "Tell me your boyfriend's concerns were an overreaction."

My lips quiver at the mention of Benji. He did so much for me.

Dr. Ambrose presses his lips to my ear. "Tell me you're normal."

Normal. I am normal. Aren't I?

If a person found out their mother was murdered, they'd become as obsessed as I am. This is natural.

Isn’t it?

Lots of people like being fisted. Maybe even by strangers.

But not by their mother’s murderer.

Not by the man who may be their father.

With one hand on my face, Dr. Ambrose reaches between us and palms his cock through the pre-cum dampened fabric. Chills wave through me, goosebumps prickling over my skin.

Dr. Ambrose’s words stab my core: “Tell me you don’t belong here, and all of this will be over.”

Belong here.

With *him.*

I open my mouth. “I—”

The words are on the tip of my tongue, ready to jump out. *I don’t belong here. This is not for me. It’s for her. I’m here to kill you. I’m here to stop your abusive madness.*

I can’t say it though. If I say those words, *this* will be over. It will undo the hard work I did to be here. I can’t give up now.

Do I belong here though?

I shake my head. I don’t belong here, but I have to survive a little while longer. Otherwise, I can’t kill Dr. Ambrose.

He snickers, then steps back and adjusts his erection. My breath is lodged in my throat.

He motions to his assistant. “While Oliver finishes the exam notes, I will discuss your diagnosis with your boyfriend and determine your treatment plan.”

My eyes dart around the room. Is he going to leave me here? Alone? With his assistant?

Why does that upset me?

“What about me?” I ask. “Why am I not involved in the—”

“You will wait here.”

My head flinches back slightly. *Wait here.* That's what he wants.

Follow the rules. Obey. And then…

"What about my clothes?" I ask. "Oliver put them in a bag. Where—"

Dr. Ambrose raises his hand. I fall silent. His smug smile gleams.

"You don't need your clothes anymore. As far as your body is concerned, you like being exposed like this, don't you, freak?"

I quake, my feet stuck on the floor. I hate that word.

"I am *not* a freak," I say harshly. I brace my shoulders. "I'm not a freak," I say again, though this time, the tone fades, and that word—that awful fucking word—becomes a whisper, as if I know I'm lying.

This isn't a real examination, I remind myself. *I faked the symptoms. I'm not a freak. This is not for me.*

But a thought inches its way to the surface with a glimmer of sensation. I don't know what it is. Maybe it's desire. Lust. *Need.*

I'm not only here for her.

I'm here because I *want* to be here.

I'm here for me.

"You may restrain and punish her as you see fit, but her orifices are to remain untouched," Dr. Ambrose says to his assistant. "And make sure Miss Ward stays fully bare. We can't have her returning to her previous state. From now on, while she is under my care at the Ambrose Asylum, her entire self, both inside and out, will remain exposed. It's time she accepts who she truly is."

I sink down, my vision fading, fatigue filling my legs and stomach. Dr. Ambrose is right. Every part of me is bare, open, *exposed* to his sadism. He's slowly pulling me apart.

And I like it.

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Chapter 9

Dr. Ambrose

I stomp through the short hallway back to my office. Distance will give Violet time to process her desires and make her yearn for my return. Typically, I'd let Oliver have exploration time with my patients while he finishes the notes; however, that protocol felt incorrect with this one. I want to control every aspect of her. Thus, I instructed him *not* to touch the patient's pussy, mouth, or ass. Her orifices are off limits. They belong to me now.

Oliver will never disobey me. I can snap my fingers, and he will literally bow before me like a peasant. Even a man like him can be conditioned to my liking.

As I enter my office, Benji rises from his chair next to my desk. I take my own seat. Though it isn't standard to leave a guardian in a doctor's office, I knew Violet would benefit from an audience. Additionally, Benji has such docile behavior. While I was gone, a surveillance camera in the corner of my office recorded his reactions. I'm always watching. He may enjoy stealing files from me, but he'll never outmatch me.

Benji's breathing is loud and heavy. The pathetic fool must be distressed already. A woodsy, slightly acidic scent fills my nostrils as the two of us observe Violet and Oliver beyond the mirrored wall.

Violet crosses her arms over her chest, hiding her breasts. Oliver tilts his head, then moves his lips.

Pleasure bubbles in my chest. Covering herself like that simply won't do. I have no doubt Oliver will correct her actions soon.

Benji's lips tremor, his pallor weaker than usual. This final act of bringing in the patient—his supposed girlfriend—has obviously caused him alarm. I jot down a note about Benji's demeanor, then straighten myself.

"As you can see," I begin. "The patient is quite volatile."

At that moment, Violet swats at Oliver, and he yanks her wrist toward a restraint on the side of the exam table. Violet bashes his back with her other hand, but Oliver has been trained for cases like this. Once her first wrist is bound, he quickly works on the other. She flails her shoulders, desperately trying to free herself from the confinement. Soon, both of her wrists are restrained to the exam table.

It's a shame she didn't find her mother's file with my new note first. I'll have to bring it to the next step of her treatment.

Oliver touches her breasts, cupping them in his palms, then he tweaks her nipples. Violet flinches.

A subtle tension blooms in my chest. A nipple isn't an orifice. Oliver is technically obeying me. Still, my jaw ticks.

Perhaps Benji isn't the only one distressed. I'm not usually a possessive man. I've watched Oliver tinker with my patients plenty of times, and in the past, it was amusing.

As I stare at the mirror, I imagine Oliver locked in a cage, waiting for his next meal. Once he's begging for food and water, I'll give him a fork to eat himself or stab his own throat.

I can't get rid of Oliver yet though. He's too valuable to me. He's been working on a brain microchip for a separate project I'm working on, and I need his expertise.

For now.

Once this meeting is over, I will adjust Oliver's instructions. He will no longer touch Violet's body unless it is to complete an instruction, such as restraining her or feeding her. He may assist me, but he can never *use* her… because I consider Violet mine.

A chill runs down my spine, the hairs on my arms lifting. *Mine.* That isn't a word I use often. I swish my tongue around my mouth, enjoying the salty sourness lingering on my taste buds from licking her juices off of my fingers earlier. I run my palm over my trousers, stroking myself under the desk. I flex my fingers over the spot of pre-cum, tightening my hold on the head of my cock, remembering how her soft pussy walls squeezed the blood out of my fist.

There are so many things I can tease out of a woman like Violet. By the time I'm done training her, she'll hardly be a woman at all. More of a *thing.* A toy for my amusement. A slutty little twat eager to be used, desperate to do every disgusting thing I tell her.

And the cunt will beg for it.

"Is it as bad as I thought?" Benji asks. He avoids my eyes and clears his throat. "I've been trying to help her. I don't know. She's just—" He pulls on his collar and coughs. "It's weird, right? She *liked* your fist. There's something off about that, you know? Don't get me wrong, Doc. I love her. She's great. After spending years with her, how could I not fall for her, you know? It's just…I don't know about this. I'm trying, but I'm scared, Doc. Is it bad? It's bad, isn't it? I—"

I don't blame Benji for falling in love with Violet. One moment, he's simply observing her quirks, hardly aware of her potential deviancy, and the next, the poor man falls in love with the cunt.

Like Benji, I want to see Violet *thrive;* what that means to each of us is vastly different. Benji wants her to be fully independent. I, on the other hand, want to see her blossom into her truest form: my personal toy.

“It’s *worse*, I’m afraid,” I say. I massage my sore cock, eager for my own release and to force the slutty bitch to experience every delicious pain imaginable. “As I’m sure you saw during the preliminary examination, we tested her for objectification arousal. And she…”

I pause for effect, knowing I could tell him exactly how wet his girlfriend’s cunt was, and his entire world would fall into shock. The poor man would likely need to be hospitalized himself.

Then again, the idiot already knows the truth.

“I hate to be the bearer of bad news,” I say. “But Violet is by far the most severe case I’ve ever encountered.”

Benji’s shoulders droop, then he grabs his chest. Amusement buzzes inside of me, shifting like a swarm of insects in my rib cage, yet I keep my expression dismissive.

“My concern is she will only find true healing if she completes a necessary stay at the asylum,” I say. Benji swallows, his Adam’s apple bobbing in his thin neck. I broaden my shoulders. “She *must* begin the successive testing phase.”

At those words, Benji flashes with fright, his adrenaline a white light rooting itself in his pupils. A memory, perhaps, triggered from those words: *testing phase.*

Perhaps Benji needs his own stay in our asylum.

“As you know, we begin with the initial examination, followed by the diagnosis, which is our current state,” I explain. He fidgets in his chair, the pathetic rat. I sneer down my nose. “Next, we begin the successive testing phase, which involves more assessments of her behavior. If treatment is necessary, I shall grant her a short return to her living quarters to collect any obligatory medications.”

“Medications?”

My upper lip curls. Do I need to explain everything to him?

“We prefer to avoid physiological illnesses at the asylum,” I say. “We must keep our patients in a prime physical condition, and I’ve always respected my fellow colleagues’ advice.” I chuckle briefly, then return to my stoicism. “After that, she shall enter the asylum for an extended period, during which she will complete her intellectual training.”

I crack my neck and tighten my ponytail, energy tingling in my extremities. This should be routine to me, but the idea of keeping Violet close to me while I mold her into my perfect object excites me. She has so much potential, and we’ve only just begun.

“We have no estimate of how long the training will take,” I say. “It could be years.”

Benji burrows in his chair, a rodent preparing for the inevitable winter. Many would expect *more* of a reaction—perhaps even violence—from a caring boyfriend, but I’ve come to understand Benji’s behavior. This fidgeting is his only sign of distress; defiance is not in his nature.

Since Benji first explained his concerns with Violet, my interest in her has grown exponentially. This initial examination and my own reaction to Oliver’s assistance has sealed my need to keep the cunt for myself.

Once she finally enters the Ambrose Asylum to begin her training, there will be no escape. She’ll be in my cage forever.

Because of my other project, I will have a limited amount of time to use her fully conscious potential, and thus, I will take full advantage of her final hours until I finally merge her with my secret project. I have additional curiosities when it comes to that phase of her existence.

“A-and you’re sure it’s absolutely necessary?” Benji stutters. “There’s nothing else we can do? An outpatient thing? I don’t know. What other options do we—”

“It is *absolutely necessary,*” I snap. A foul stench floats around us, reminiscent of ammonia, and his heavy breath is an incessant bell. I abandon my cock and link my fingers above the desk. I hate when men like

him show signs of insubordination. I grit my teeth. “You want what’s best for her, don’t you?”

“I do, but—”

“In our past consultations, you mentioned the patient’s obsession with her birth mother, implying the news about her mother’s death *may* have been the catalyst to her sexual inclinations.” The bumbling idiot nods his head frantically. My jaw twitches. “While you are alone, perhaps you should visit the mother’s grave and see if there are any signs of escalation she’s been hiding from you.”

“Right,” he mumbles. “Escalations. She always goes there. I went once when we first moved in together. Maybe I should go now, while she’s with you. She might—”

“Good,” I say. “I’m afraid you may find disturbing proof of her illness. Take note of it. Report back to my assistant; he’ll add the information to her file.”

I stand and peer down at the little man. It’s irritating that not only am I *not* back with my favorite patient already, but I have to explain the situation in minute detail to this complete idiot.

It must be done, though. It’s part of the process to release her from all other control.

“The patient alluded to desiring sexual relations with her mother,” I lie. Benji’s stature crumbles, a matchstick sculpture tumbling to the floor. Feigning disgust, I shake my head and click my tongue. “Not only is it incest, but it may also be necrophilia. Once you see proof of her escalations, you will understand how badly she needs my guidance. And if she denies any part of it, trust me: it’s simply a manifestation of her symptoms.”

Benji moans, and I suppress a grin. Violet has yet to mention her mother to me; Benji doesn’t know that though. Since the first time we met, Benji has always been agreeable toward me, enthusiastic to obey my words. Still, I need his full support when it comes to Violet, and there’s a chance this is

the first time he’s truly connected with another person; thus, I need him to fully believe she’s incapable of existing outside of the asylum. Hints of incestuous necrophilia will seal her fate.

I gesture toward the door. “We will begin the successive testing phase soon. You may have a word with Violet before we begin.” I jot another note on the file in front of me about Benji’s subtle resistance in agreeing to the treatment. “After that, we don’t have a cafeteria, but there is a kitchen. Please make yourself useful there.”

He says a few more words questioning me; I dismiss him with my hand. The idiot leaves the room to discuss the diagnosis with his girlfriend.

His girlfriend…

For now.

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Chapter 10

Violet

Before I learned about my mother's death, I heard rumors about the Ambrose Asylum. People would whisper, saying they drove their cars faster whenever they saw those gates; how they held their breath, as if the faintest sigh could wake the most wretched evils within; how they *knew* people disappeared inside of its walls. It wasn't a fear of the patients; it was the doctors, the staff, and the asylum *itself* that created this haunting aura. Sometimes, I would imagine long, dark buildings rising up from the fog, and ghosts, so many ghosts, wandering the grounds, spirits trapped in this existence long before they actually died.

When I saw the asylum in person for the first time, I realized it wasn't a haunted house. It was like the rest of the world: a structure controlled by corruption. The asylum's mission statement in an old newspaper claimed they want to help others, but the chain-link fences and barred windows tell a different story.

Now, with my arms restrained to an exam table, my spine tingles, and that discomfort spreads roots in the base of my neck, *leashing* me to this place. A cage. A collar. A lead. I'm not a pet here; I'm a creature to study, to mold, to manipulate, and it's only going to get worse, because it's not the asylum, the staff, or any doctor who is clutching my chains.

It's Dr. Ambrose himself.

The assistant rests against the edge of the sink, completely engrossed in writing his notes. To him, I'm another part of the building, a piece of decaying furniture to be forgotten.

It's better like this though. If I don't exist to him, then he'll leave me alone. Because when I did catch his attention, he restrained me for covering my breasts.

Her entire self will remain exposed, Dr. Ambrose had said. *It's time she accepts who she truly is.*

This is *not* who I am.

I stare at the rotting tile, the stench of disinfectant, sulfur, and my drying arousal ripe in the air. Did my mother step foot in this exam room? Was the tile clean back then? What if I become like her? What if I die here too? What if being here, restrained in an exam room, is the last time I'm able to think for myself?

A desert storm blusters through my head, and I swallow a lump in my throat. I don't know why that thought crossed my mind. Dr. Ambrose is probably trying to brainwash me, but I'm not going to give up my mind because of his stupid games.

I *hate* him.

My foster parents were neglectful at best. I survived, and they made it clear early on they would never love me, and in a way, it settled my expectations. My ex and Benji made me smile, but they didn't move me like this.

This is the first time I've felt this strongly about *anyone*, and I can't let that go. Not yet. Not completely. Not until Dr. Ambrose is dead.

And until then, I will suffer through everything he gives me. For my mother. It's about her.

Right…

A dull ache rolls in the pit of my stomach. I twist my wrists against the restraints. I'm stuck against the exam table, and my palms are clammy.

Sometimes, when I let my brain go into the darkest corners of my mind, I know being here is about more than my mother, her killer, revenge, or justice. I'm here because I *want* to endure what she endured: every pain, every pleasure, every messed-up thing leading to her death. I want a connection to her, or any semblance of one, because then I won't be an outsider. A reject.

Because I don't want to be alone anymore.

My ex's words swish inside of me like bubbles going down the drain: *Fucking freak.*

Knuckles knock on the exam room door. I ball my fists. It's time to face Dr. Ambrose for the last time. As soon as I have my hands free, I'll kill him.

The assistant unlocks the exam room door, then opens it.

Benji enters.

My chest deflates, disappointment drooping my shoulders.

Benji is safe. He's *good.*

So why do I wish Dr. Ambrose was the one visiting me right now?

The assistant leaves the exam room. The door locks with a loud clang.

Benji glosses over me, taking in my restraints, my bare body, my face. I must be covered in sweat and grime, and my hair is probably a tangled mess.

I smile. He looks away.

My heart drops. "What's wrong?"

"He wants to begin the testing phase," Benji says quietly.

He holds my hand, but his eyes stay down like he's avoiding me. Is he hiding something from me?

"How are you?" he asks. "The doctor said you were having issues with listening to instructions?"

I roll my eyes. "That's how he put it, huh?"

"I told you, Violet," he whines. "This place is messed up. You *have* to listen. It's the only way to survive. You can't—"

I huff. “We have our plan.”

Benji drops my hand and shrinks. He shoves his hands in his pockets like he doesn’t know what to do with himself. I used to think the habit was cute, but now, it annoys me. We’ve been working toward this for years. Doesn’t he know I need this? If I don’t have him on my side, then I don’t know what I’ll do. I need to know Benji will be there waiting for me once I kill Dr. Ambrose.

“What if the plan doesn’t work?” he whispers.

“It has to.”

We both glance toward the mirrored wall. He saw it during one of his consultations and told me about it…which means he very likely watched me and Dr. Ambrose together. And that means he saw me cum harder with Dr. Ambrose than I ever did with him.

My stomach churns. “Could you hear us during the exam?”

Benji shakes his head. “I never saw or heard anything during our consultations. Who knows, though? We should be careful. He might have microphones somewhere. We should at least hide our faces in case he can read our lips.

“All right,” I whisper. I turn my back to the mirror. “I’ll be good from now on. I’ll do whatever ‘the doctor’ says.”

“Or we can leave *now,* Violet. I know you. You have a defiant streak. It’s part of why I love you. You’re the opposite of me, but it’s going to get you in trouble here.”

He bows his head. Frustration carves an empty space in my rib cage. We’re this far, and he wants to stop me?

Tears brim his eyes. “We don’t have to do this,” he begs. “Your mother didn’t deserve to die, but *you* don’t deserve this either. Please, Violet.”

As badly as I want to slap some sense into him, he’s right. I *don’t* deserve to be treated like this. No one does.

But if I give up now, will other people judge me for being compliant? Letting injustice continue without repercussions? And even more importantly, will I be able to live with myself? Will I be able to *move on?* Will I have control over my thoughts again?

An icy chill rattles my spine. There's that thought again. Why do I keep thinking about my mind being controlled by other forces?

Maybe Dr. Ambrose has been shaping my life more than I first realized. Through my mother. Through my obsessions. Through my desires.

I clench my jaw. My only desire is to fucking end this.

Benji reaches for my hand again. "Don't let Dr. Ambrose do this to you."

I bite my tongue. I don't want to admit it to Benji—it's hard enough to admit it to myself—but there's something about Dr. Ambrose I need to figure out. Maybe it's that he's my mother's murderer, or the fact that he *might* be my father. I may never figure out what the reason is, but I can't leave. Not until this is over.

In the grimy mirror, deep veins strain in my neck, my pulse visibly throbbing in my temples. Does Dr. Ambrose's blood run through me? Can he see every tension building inside me?

Tell me you don't belong here, he said with his thin, grueling lips, as if he always knew I was meant to be here with him, as if his disgust and hunger had always been waiting for me.

"I have to do this," I say.

"What happens when you finish what you came here for? Closure?" Benji asks in a low voice. "Okay, but what about after that? What happens when you get out of here and you're *still* obsessed with your mother?"

The words race out of me before I can stop them: "It's not just about my mother. It's about me."

His tone plummets. "What? What about you?"

I can’t answer him, but I make sure my face is turned away from the mirrored wall and any potential viewer on the other side. I whisper, “The vial is underneath the exam table. Pretend like you’re tying your shoe.”

“Come on, Violet,” Benji says. He angles his back to the mirror too, keeping his chin down as he forces out the words. “Barely anyone gets out of here alive. You don’t deserve to be here.”

I don’t deserve to be here.

My chest aches. Why does that hurt?

Anger boils inside of me. I don’t deserve the lies about my past. I don’t deserve to be abandoned through death or selfish rejection. I don’t deserve an ex who ridiculed me. I don’t deserve a lot of things in my life.

I’ve always wanted to fit in, to belong, and though my ex and Benji gave me that to some degree, I need *more.* I need to know if I really am like my mother. If my father truly abandoned me. Beyond that, I need to kill my mother’s murderer so I can accept myself.

“Get the vial,” I demand in a harsh whisper.

This time, Benji grabs the vial as he pretends to tie his shoes. Luckily, even with the mirrored wall, the exam table will hide most of what we’re doing from Dr. Ambrose’s view.

Nerves flutter in my chest. “Keep your back to the mirror and pretend like you’re coughing,” I instruct. “Put the vial in your mouth like you’re eating a mint, then kiss me.”

Benji’s shoulders droop slightly. He fiddles with his shoelaces, then eats the tube. His lips near mine, and for a split second, I glance at the mirrored wall. Dr. Ambrose may see us kiss. Will it upset him? Will it turn him on? Will he think it’s more proof of my illness?

Why do I care?

Benji’s lips smack against mine, and he opens his mouth. The tiny glass bottle clinks against my teeth. I stuff it in my cheek. It’s bigger than I remember, but I only need to hide it like this for a little while. Dr. Ambrose

will see my silence as obedience, which will probably excite him, and once I get my hands back, I'll hide the vial another way.

Our kiss breaks; vacancy fills me. There's no imprint of Benji's touch. I'm completely numb to him.

And yet Dr. Ambrose's fist and his clit-pinching fingers flicker over my brain; my pussy immediately clenches, soreness riding every muscle in my body.

I strain slightly against the wrist restraints. Benji deserves someone better, someone who is sweet and devoted as he is. I need more though, and the sad part is I don't know where those needs end.

"Be careful, all right?" Benji whispers.

I don't say anything, because I shouldn't be talking with the acid vial in my mouth. It might give the plan away.

I stay silent, because I can't keep that promise.

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Chapter 11

Violet

The door flings open; my throat cinches shut. Dr. Ambrose bounds into the room, his boots stomping on the tile. His sallow eyes leer down at me, making my skin crawl. He lifts his hooked nose as if I'm foul trash stuck to the bottom of his boots, as if he can see the decay ripening inside of me.

Goosebumps prickle over my skin, and my clit throbs for his cruel touch. He's disgusting. I don't understand why my body reacts to him like this.

It's not him. It's the situation, I tell myself. *You'd like this even if Benji was the one doing it.*

Benji would never do this though. No matter how much I beg, he will never manipulate my body with a brutal tongue and dirt-caked fingernails.

Why are Dr. Ambrose's hands always filthy?

And why do I like it?

"Thank you, Benji," Dr. Ambrose says with a tone oozing with control. His gaze locks me in place. "I will contact you when the tests are over."

Benji startles. "Wait a minute. I—"

The assistant returns and shoves Benji out of the room. The door closes behind them, leaving Dr. Ambrose and me completely alone. To do *tests.*

A fluttery emptiness expands in my stomach. Dr. Ambrose's gaze flickers over my naked form, his cold eyes lingering between my legs. He unlocks the restraints on my wrists; his rough, scarred hands send chills across my arms.

He steps away, and I rub my wrists. The flesh is tender, slightly bruised from the constant contact with the restraints.

A thought pierces my mind, and my pussy constricts.

Dr. Ambrose has fingered—no, not just fingered—he's *fisted* me. Punched my cervix. Tasted my holes. *Exposed me.* Why is some sick part of me excited by the potential of his "tests"?

He removes a folder sticking out of the filing cabinet, and a smirk spreads across his lips. I redden. Can he sense my pussy muscles contracting right now?

I scowl. Even if I secretly like what he does for me sexually, I know who he is and what he did to my mother. And he *will* pay for it.

But why is he smiling? Is he laughing at me?

"Wh—" The tube in my cheek stops my words.

"Stand up," he says.

The command sends an electric current through me, heat incinerating my core. I'm instantly on my feet. A slight tremble creeps through my legs, and a pleasing ache forms in my chest, licking at me like the flames of a fire.

It's not because of him, I tell myself. *It's because he forces me. Because he doesn't give me a choice. And it's easier when I obey.*

That's not the full truth though. My thoughts go empty when I'm around him. And it's not just his actions. It's—

"Listen to me carefully now; follow all of my instructions," he murmurs. "Walk forward and open the door."

His words tickle my skin, and my nipples peak. I walk forward with bare feet across the muck-caked tiles. I open the door.

“Keep moving,” Dr. Ambrose orders. My pussy tightens. As he walks, he leans closer, keeping his words between us. “You’re excited for your next test, aren’t you?”

You’re the one who’s excited to torture an innocent person, you sick bastard!

The acid tube in my mouth keeps me quiet, reminding me I only have to wait a little while longer.

He touches my shoulder, guiding me; tendrils of desire simmer from his fingers and capture my stomach. My brain whirls in a million directions. What could possibly be the next test? What will he expose now?

As we walk down the hallways, we pass doctors in lab coats and patients in various states of undress and stained gowns. Guards swing batons, and though a kind nurse seems to smile at me, she turns her back as soon as she sees Dr. Ambrose. The lighting is dim, and it’s like being trapped in the center of a cornfield where each direction seems to go on forever. I can’t tell where the asylum begins and ends.

Helplessness crawls in my temples, a cry buried in the back of my throat. Will I ever be able to leave this place?

“Stop here,” Dr. Ambrose says.

We stand in front of a closed door. As Dr. Ambrose unlocks it, a shiver rakes over me. I wrap my arms around myself. The acid tube dances across my tongue, comforting me, giving me purpose.

Dr. Ambrose opens the door. Darkness crowds the stairwell, and moisture is heavy in the air. As we descend, the stairs creak. I rub my arms to fight off the cold. Dr. Ambrose nudges me deeper underground.

We finally reach the bottom of the stairs. A few dim red lights illuminate the area above us; I can’t see much else. Dr. Ambrose moves me by my shoulder until I must be standing in the middle of the room.

He lets go.

I hug myself tighter. His boots thump across the floor, and I shuffle my feet, staying in place. The floor is scummy like the exam room. It must be unkempt down here too.

A single lightbulb flickers on, glowing with amber wires, the glass covered in a dusty film. The fixture dangles from the ceiling, creating a shadow across Dr. Ambrose. Wasn't he carrying a file folder with him? Where did it go?

A harsh shadow casts over his bulge. He's got an erection already. I gnaw on my bottom lip. To be honest, I'm turned on too.

My eyes adjust to the lighting. I realize the red glowing lights are cameras stationed in each corner with another device aimed at the stairwell. A metal o-ring hangs from the back wall, and I imagine an iron leash attached to it, chaining someone. Chaining *me.*

As Dr. Ambrose circles me, his black boots thud on the floor. Sensual heat sneaks up my limbs, but I shake myself out of it.

No. Think. Plan. There's a vial in your mouth. Search for other weapons.

I move the acid tube, hiding it under my tongue. As long as I don't speak, it'll be invisible, and I can hide it once he's distracted.

Dr. Ambrose drinks in every inch of me, searing my insides, and those thoughts of revenge dissipate from my brain.

No. Stay focused. What else can help me kill him?

There's a drain a few feet away from us, and in the other corner, there's a sink and a showerhead. There's also a deep claw-foot bathtub covered with a small tarp and a metal shower hose attached to it.

The hose. If the hose comes off, the metal shower head will be sturdy enough to hurt him.

My attention falls to the floor, and I latch onto his boots. Wait—is it typical for a doctor to wear boots in a place like this? Obviously, he's not a

real doctor, but shouldn’t he be at least wearing sneakers or something more comfortable? Is he wearing the boots to intimidate me?

A monster in a lab coat.

“And now, we will determine the depth of your perversions,” he says in a low voice.

The hairs on my arms stand on end, as if reaching for him. My legs twitch, and my body throbs as if it can’t remember he raped, impregnated, and killed my mother.

If I kill him, I’ll have justice. Revenge. Closure.

And he won’t turn me on anymore.

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Chapter 12

Violet

I swallow hard. Invisible knives flick across me, fear electrifying my spine. I'm alone with Dr. Ambrose in some sort of basement, and I have no idea what he plans to do to me right now.

"Grind on my boot," Dr. Ambrose commands.

Hunger radiates from his dark pupils, his lips open and wet. He expects me to rub my pussy on his shoes?

He *wants* me to debase myself.

The leather of his boots is worn. He doesn't seem like someone who would wash his shoes often, and I'm naked; the grime on his boots will get on my pussy. Obeying him will mean risking infection, lowering myself mentally and physically.

Obeying him also means getting off.

I've never done anything with shoes before.

My tongue is heavy and wet, my fingertips pulsating with the *need* to touch Dr. Ambrose. His boots. His legs. To see how the leather rides against my pussy. To please him.

To see how much he wants me.

"Don't keep me waiting," he murmurs.

Sweat traces my palms, and my cheeks redden. I'm grateful for the fact he can't see me blushing in the darkness.

I sink to my knees. Grit and concrete particles cut into my skin, tiny blasts of pain crowding my kneecaps. My pussy squelches against the leather.

I flush again. Why am I so wet when we haven't done anything yet? Is it just because he fisted me a little while ago?

I shake my head. The reason doesn't matter. I need to focus.

The acid.

I nuzzle my forehead on his leg and keep my head bowed, crossing my fingers he thinks I'm clutching him like this because I want to touch him. Quietly, I spit the tube into my palm, pretending like I'm clearing my throat, and I close my fingers around it. I rub my fist down his leg and uncurl my fingers against the concrete, letting go of the vial against the floor.

My muscles relax. This is good. The darkness will hide the vial like it's something left behind from another patient or staff member.

Dr. Ambrose walks and carries me on his boot effortlessly like I'm a child. Relief rushes through me as we add distance from our original spot, away from the acid.

Once he rests his boots on the floor again, I gather myself. The leather material on my pussy folds is cool and smooth. He lifts his toes again, and I automatically dig my hips deeper into his boot. A grunt—or is it a moan?—bursts out of Dr. Ambrose, almost like approval. Pleasure waves through me.

As my eyes continue to adjust to the dim lighting, I pour over his trousers. His bulge thickens; I gasp. His tongue slithers across his lips, wetting the skin.

"Pleasure yourself," he orders.

My toes curl against the concrete, my chin dipping slightly. As much as I might want to secretly do this, I don't know if I can actually get off on his boots.

“Dr. Ambrose,” I say hesitantly. “I don’t—”

His jaw hardens. “I’m an expert in this field, taking time away from my other patients to begin your treatment. You’re the one who wanted this, are you not?”

I flinch. Did Benji tell him it was my idea to come here?

I start, “I—”

“Don’t waste my time, Miss Ward.”

My stomach roils. A drop of sweat or need tickles my pussy as it drips down. His heinous-sized cock stretches his pants taut.

Right now, he wants me and me alone.

And we’re alone.

Alone.

I’m supposed to kill him once we’re alone.

I’ll use this next test to wear him out, I tell myself. *And once I’ve got a better understanding of my options, I’ll untwist the shower hose and use the metal head to bash his skull. I’ll be ready.*

“You’re exhibiting characteristics of arousal,” he says, each word painfully smooth, oozing from my ears down to my throat. He rubs the top of my head. My scalp tingles. A low chuckle drums from his mouth. “You’re enjoying this, aren’t you, Violet? Being a nasty little cunt. Rubbing yourself on a man’s boots to get off.”

My breathing quickens, and his fingertips comb through my hair, catching on tangles. He bends down until our eyes meet.

“I see you eyeing my cock,” he says. “I bet you’d take anything I’d give you. Are you really that desperate?”

My mouth opens. Laughter erupts from his lips.

“So, you admit it. You *will* take anything I give you,” he bellows. “Such an agreeable little cunt, willing to nod along to anything I tell you.”

Shock grapples my intestines, tying every piece into knots. I touch my face. Was I nodding?

I shake my head vigorously to snap out of it, to wake up and be the same woman who woke up in bed next to Benji. The person I was before we drove to the asylum. Before the plan to kill Dr. Ambrose was ever in my head.

“No,” I say. “No. No, no, no!”

I deny it, but I keep grinding on him, my embarrassing wetness squishing against his boot.

He nudges my pussy hole with his boot again, a leather cock ready to be inserted. My opening is sore from his fist, but I want him to kick me there, to knock me out of this lust-filled haze.

“Do you deny it? You won’t take anything I give you?” he asks. “We’ll have to test that as well, then.”

My stomach churns. I made things worse for myself, didn’t I? What have I gotten myself into?

He steps back; emptiness envelops me. My pussy strains in agony, and my eyes sting. I hate him, but I fucking hate how much I want *this*. And more than that, I hate how hollow I am without his boot on my pussy and his leg in my arms.

He points to his boot. “Clean it.”

My skin flushes. I glance around frantically. What am I supposed to clean it with?

“Your tongue,” Dr. Ambrose says, reading my mind.

He wants me to lick my juices from the leather?

I knew I’d have to lick something; I thought it would be his cock. At least if it’s his cock, it would be a normal sexual act *and* I’d get the chance to please him. But with his boot? It’s so much worse, and it’s even more unbearable knowing my body *wants* to obey him.

The bathtub and the shower are in the corner. I can do what he says and avoid my own needy desires if I—

He slaps my face.

I clench my jaw. Slowly, I look up and sear him with my gaze. His condescending expression tightens around me.

Not yet. Don't do it, I tell myself. *Even if hurting him will feel good, you won't be able to kill him with your bare hands.*

Even with the rage and the intense need for revenge, I want him to slap me again. I want him to fuck me raw.

Still, I growl. "How. Fucking. Dare. You."

He fists my hair and jams my mouth to his boot. Pain darts down my neck.

"For fuck's sake, you know what to do," he scoffs. "Are you an adult, or are you a child, Miss Ward? If you make a mess, you clean it up."

My tongue reaches out. Sourness and hints of earthy leather coat my taste buds, and those angry thoughts are gone, replaced by the need to do what he says. I look up for his approval.

His cock stretches, thin and hard and concealed by his pants, and I swear, with one thrust, his cock could tear through the fabric.

My insides incinerate with need. I slosh my tongue against his boots, eating every drop.

"Look at the sloppy mop whore. Licking up your cum like a starving animal," he murmurs. Between licks, I gaze at him. His palm strokes his pants, and he squeezes the tip of his cock, his eyes glazed with lust. "You're pathetic."

There's nothing else inside of my brain. I lick the leather, ingesting every single drop I can get. My hips lower until I'm flat against the concrete, my clit grinding on the floor. I close my eyes and stretch my tongue farther until my muscle strains.

He lifts his foot off of the floor, and I pant, flipping over so I'm lying on my back. I reach for his boot. He lowers the rubber sole to my face, increasing the pressure until my cheeks are smashed between the floor and his shoe. I lick through the side of my mouth, my tongue thrashing over the

hard, plasticky grooves on the bottom of his boots, and I am completely consumed.

I'm here for a reason, aren't I? I'm going through this for a reason. A good one. It doesn't matter if I like this. It doesn't—

"So utterly pathetic," he says in a low voice, practically singing his words. "No wonder he brought you here."

Him?

Benji…

"He's disgusted by you, you know," Dr. Ambrose says. "I'm surprised the poor man was able to keep himself from vomiting. There were times I advised him to stay at the asylum until he was well enough to drive, but the idiot was determined to return and take care of you, his sick, perverted girlfriend." He rubs his boots over me, and I hump the air. "I bet he had no idea you're a boot licker too," he snarls. "You're no better than the scum on the bottom of my shoes."

I whimper. My stomach twists, and I writhe, desperate for more.

"He must be so disappointed in you," he says.

Shame roots itself into my core, but it quickly morphs into arousal.

"You tried to be a good, *normal* girlfriend, didn't you?" Dr. Ambrose says. "But deep down, you know you need to be hurt. To be used. To be completely and utterly destroyed. A stupid little thing like you can't please someone normal like your boyfriend. A thing like you can only please a man like *me*."

My body pulses. *Please him.* Dr. Ambrose. Why do I want to please him? How does he make me feel worthless and valued at the same time?

Clarity pierces through me. I grimace.

Benji. I'm here because Benji helped me.

Because I'm supposed to kill Dr. Ambrose.

Dr. Ambrose rubs his boot across my face, then down my breasts, and over my pussy, and it becomes harder to remember that goal. I repeat the

promise in my mind: *I will kill him. I will. I will—*

I need to cum first though. I *need* his boots. His fingers. His cock. And damn it all, I want to make *him* cum too. To know I did something right. That I brought him pleasure. That I was good enough. And then I'll—

He reaches down, grabs my hands, and yanks me to my feet. His body is so close that his heat grazes me. I'm panting hard as he inspects me, and it sends chills down my back. I'm naked, but he's still completely clothed, and standing next to each other like this, it's painfully obvious.

His cock twitches, brushing against the fabric of his pants and skimming me. He reaches between my thighs, his coarse, scarred palm cupping me. My folds spread as he teases my opening. My tongue flickers over my bottom lip, and Dr. Ambrose's eyes rove over my mouth, a smirk dancing across his face.

"As I suspected," he murmurs. "Evidence of your arousal."

I don't know what takes hold of me. I press my hips forward, sandwiching his hard, monstrous cock between us.

"So are you," I whisper.

He bellows with laughter. Goosebumps fleck my skin. Then he shoves me so hard, I fall backward, catching myself on my ass and palms.

"What an assumptive, dumb little bitch," he growls. "You know what excites me the most?" He bends closer and enunciates each word: "You don't know who I am. You don't know what I'm capable of. You don't know how wrong it is to want me. On the other hand, I know *exactly* who you are, where you're from, and what you're capable of. I could tell you everything you need to know. Instead, I will keep you here, right under my thumb, ready to do anything I say." His voice lowers: "I bet if you learned the truth, you'd still want me. You're such a wanton, desperate little bitch, you'd still do anything I ask."

My shoulders hunch as I curl into myself. It's not true. I'm not doing this for myself. I'm doing this for my mother. For justice. To kill him. I will

find the vial, blind him, and use the shower head to crush his skull.

So, why haven't I done it yet?

He unclips a small metal clamp from the bathtub's tarp. I squint. The edges of the clip are jagged with small triangular teeth.

My heart pounds. He's *not* going to put that on me. Is he?

He whips the tarp from the tub, and the plastic sheet flutters to the floor. He pulls me by my hair, moving me to sit in the tub.

The ceramic is stained, and the drain is open, missing its plug.

He bends down, then attaches the metal clamp to my clit. The teeth pierce my skin, stabbing my bundle of nerves, tendrils of pain bursting in my neck and ears. As he lets go, the clamp expresses its full power, and the pressure is unbearable. I cry and whack at it with my hands.

"If you take it off before you cum, I will remove your clit," he says.

I choke on my spit. *Remove my clit?*

I believe him. He would cut off my clit if he wanted to.

Tears drench my face, and my clit throbs. I jiggle my legs to distract myself from the pain, but it's searing. He puts the tarp back on the tub, strapping the other clamps back down to the ceramic. The top half circles my neck like a collar.

This is a hydrotherapy tub, isn't it? And this is the kind of tarp meant to keep a patient inside the water.

My pussy is hidden from his view like this; I could remove the clamp. But I'm too scared of the pain of losing my clit and too eager to do what he says. To be good. To be *enough.* I just have to cum, and then I can get rid of the clamp.

He unzips his pants, his erect cock springing into view. The pain and fear vanish.

His cock is pale and bright, visible in the dim lighting, with dark veins darting around his length, resembling angry bolts of lightning. His shaft is

long and thin, a rope ready to wrap around my neck and squeeze, squeeze, *squeeze* until my head pops off.

And I *want* him to choke me.

I bite my lip, pleading for relief. For his cock. For *him.*

He takes his length in his hand. “Now, for the final test.”

My body trembles, my clit throbs, and my legs spread as wide as they’ll go. My knees hit the sides of the tub, and I wait for whatever comes next.

His face pinches, his cock softens, and I open my mouth, leaning as far forward as I can without moving the tarp, desperate to lick his shaft with my tongue.

He doesn’t move.

A few seconds pass.

Hot liquid streams from his tip and splashes on my chin and neck. It drips under the tarp, tracing my tits, going between my legs. I scoot out of the way. He slaps me and grips my chin.

“Drink it,” he growls.

My mouth opens. His piss fills me. It’s tangy. Hot. A mild broth with hints of apples and citrus.

He rips the tarp off, exposing me. My hands are cupped between my legs, my pussy riding my palm, rubbing the clamp. My core churns with pain and pleasure.

Why am I doing this?

He chuckles. “You didn’t realize you were humping your hand, did you?”

My cheeks flush. “I—”

“Finger-fuck yourself.”

My hands are wet with his piss, and my body is *so* ready for him that my brain overrides my soreness. I insert three fingers instantly, and I stare at him with an open mouth as he strokes his cock. He appraises my piss-

covered body, his cock harder than before, and I thrust my hips forward, wanting his penetration.

"You're worse than your mother," he says with a grin. "You're a true gutter whore, willing to take any trash I give you."

Benji told him about my mother during the consultations. I know that. But why do I like being worse than my mother?

Chills rake my skin, pins and needles spiking over me. A part of me knows I'll never be able to cum again without thinking of him. Taking his fist. Licking his boot. Drinking his piss. And still, I push closer to the abyss where I know I'll never be able to recover my sense of self.

"No. My—" I try. "My mo—"

I try to remember why I'm here, why I can't let him say things like that to me, and yet my head is vacuous, a feather carried into the sky. My tears flow as I fight my own arousal.

I'm here for my family.

I'm here for my family, aren't I?

Dr. Ambrose is my family.

"I may have to keep you here for a long time. It's for your safety, you know," he says. "Now, be a good whore and cum for me."

The pain bites through my clit as I grind on the clamp; at the same time, my entire body bolts with pleasure, and those sensations bulldoze me.

You don't know who I am, he had said. *You don't know how wrong it is to want me.*

A spasm surges through me and I wail right as another thought worms its way into my brain. It should be sobering. It should make me stop. But the intense need to get off controls me, and I can't stop myself. I finger-fuck myself so hard, the toothed clamp rocks back and forth against my clit, causing pain to pummel me until pleasure throws me into a black hole where I'm spinning out of control. I sob. I shouldn't *want* to make him cum. I shouldn't want anything to do with him, and yet the desire is rooted at the

base of my spine, lingering at the edges of my awareness, and it soothes me, whispering that at least I'm being good, doing what he says—what he *wants*—but that justification cuts a new fear inside of me and forces me to face myself.

Dr. Ambrose is the reason I'm alive. The reason I'm here. I have no doubt in my mind he's my father *and* my mother's murderer.

What if I still want him?

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Chapter 13

Dr. Ambrose

The poor thing's mouth hangs open, piss dampening the corners of her lips. Patches of gray dirt smear across her skin, and her dyed blonde hair is in knots. I rearrange myself and zip up my trousers while smirking at her. Pissing on her is like marking my territory.

Before she can fully comprehend her post-orgasmic state, I bound up the stairs and lock the basement door behind me. Though there is a risk in leaving Violet unattended, there are surveillance cameras in every area of the basement; I can see her whenever I want.

Besides, I have an appointment I can't miss. For now, I'll be in my office, observing Violet through a camera lens.

After I return to my office, I settle behind my desk, then open the surveillance footage on my laptop, adjusting the settings until I can see her in the dim lighting. The cunt's chin angles down toward the bottom of the tub; she's probably gawking at the murky puddle of my piss mixed with the tub's years of neglect. She touches her lips, her fingertips skimming her damp skin, as if wondering, *Did I really let him piss on me?*

"Of course you did, sweet one," I say out loud. "You'd let me do anything to you."

Three knocks reverberate through my office door.

"Come in," I say.

A man with slick, black hair and a strong cleft chin enters my office, and the scent of freshly washed laundry spreads across the room. A wide smile is etched onto his face, a characteristic of his permanent business etiquette. The Founder of The Pure Companion Company offers his hand. His company originally specialized in hybrid sex dolls: rubber interiors sheathed in human skin. With my help, the company has started a new product line, a project we are both eager to perfect.

I stand, and we shake hands, both of us with equally firm grips. Although I am, indeed, smarter and better than him, the Founder is a man who deserves my full handshake. He's become a dear associate of mine.

"Alick Ambrose," he says. "It's always good to see you."

I return to my seat. "And how is The Pure Companion Company?"

"Flourishing. Always flourishing." He takes the chair directly across from me and nods at my laptop. He's observant; he knows I have a habit of studying my patients. "I take it you've acquired the next specimen?"

On the screen, Violet flutters around the basement as she crawls on her hands and knees. She reminds me of an insect trapped in a jar.

She shouts at the camera lens: *I know you can see me!*

I raise a brow. At least she's aware.

The dumb cunt must be searching for the tiny container she hid in her mouth. I chuckle coldly; she must be stupid to think I wouldn't see her cheeks packed like a squirrel's on the way down to the basement. Perhaps she is searching for the extra copy of her mother's file, which I brought with us and conveniently dropped on the floor of the basement. She'll find it soon. I added a new note in it just for her.

I briefly ponder calling her supposed boyfriend to ask what she's hiding in the container, but I'd prefer to let it unravel on its own. Surprises, especially vicious ones, always amuse me. And if I need to punish her for whatever she has planned, then her guilt and shame will be absolutely exquisite during our next session.

I turn back to the Founder. “Before we get to that, did you enjoy the previous specimen?”

“Quite thoroughly,” he says, his mouth a crescent of sharp teeth. “The model groaned in pain, but I’m afraid there were no tears. Our clients for these products are very particular. Tears are one of our biggest requests in the preorders. As you know, our dolls must react naturally without any words.”

The Founder and I are collaborating on a product of human women transformed into sex toys. We’re calling it our Living Doll product line. With the right treatments, a woman can be changed from a human with free will into a doll that solely reacts to a man’s stimuli. If he wants the doll to scream, he can stab it, and by the power vested in me, it *will* scream, and it will never retaliate or withhold anything from its owner.

I had been working on a similar project before beginning my collaboration with The Pure Companion Company. I always thought lobotomy would be the perfect way to create a completely obedient object. After a few failed attempts to achieve my goals, I realized I needed more control over the brain. The goal isn’t a lack of reactivity; the objective is to create a sexual need so strong, it overrides all other instincts. Thus, a doll can have its mental and emotional responses, while being unable to resist sexual submission.

Eventually, I began using a microchip in the brain, which opened up new possibilities.

Despite our recent success, tears have been the most difficult aspect to replicate once the doll’s processing chip has been installed in the brain. I’ve played with the idea of conditioning the women beforehand to enjoy pain and pleasure, as well as forming a certain response to the simplest of triggers. For example, taking a cock in any orifice can be conditioned to become an unbearable task for the doll, and thus, our tear-trained products will cry for our customers from mere penetration.

Violet will be my first experimental doll with these particular conditioned triggers. In our first few hours alone, I've already begun teaching her body to respond to clitoral pain with orgasm. And with repeated use of her holes and degradation of her mind, she will eventually be brought to tears of joy *and* agony by my mere presence.

"As I hinted at in our correspondences, this one is the answer to our concerns." I nod toward my computer. Typically, I'd adjust the screen to give the Founder a view of the specimen. I have no desire to share a physical view of her though; he doesn't deserve it. Besides me, no one deserves a view of my sweet one.

On the screen, Violet squints, attempting to read her mother's file in the dim lighting. It's actually a copy of the original file, which I conveniently left for her supposed boyfriend to steal. Her eyes dart across the papers now, studying the new handwritten note.

I turn back to the Founder. "You see, my hypothesis is if they already have an inclination for crying during sex in their conscious lives, and if they have an interest in depravity *before* they're transformed, then the brain will already be hardwired to respond with tears and arousal."

"And does this next specimen have these qualities?" the Founder asks.

"Of course she does. She's my daughter."

The Founder chuckles. A man like him will never fault me for my obsession with my own blood. He's worked with many different clients with various needs, and he has his own inclinations as well. His mission has always been to promote a world in which all men can achieve their darkest desires.

"She's perfect for you, then," he says.

On the laptop, Violet's shoulders deflate, and her chest swells in apprehension as she appears to read the same lines repeatedly. I beam; with arousal in her veins, it must be hard to concentrate on the words. She's such a silly, stupid cunt.

My cock throbs. I'm already eager to return to her. Anger is often her primal response, born out of some idiotic need to save other women from men like me; still, tears come easily for her. Covered in piss, she cried like a baby as she came, and her sorrowful orgasm brought delight to my rotten heart. It's been a pleasure, a purely blissful experience really, to begin this phase of Violet's preparation for life as a doll.

Violet is already inclined to enjoy experiences like this; I'm confident we can train individuals who aren't depraved like her. With the right conditioning, they will cum and cry, and our clients' needs will be satiated.

"And this is the one you mentioned from your patient's videos?" the Founder asks.

I nod; he's referring to Benji. I would hardly call Benji a patient, though.

I had fully intended to share the videos of Benji and Violet having perverse sexual encounters with the Founder, but even then, something had stopped me. Perhaps I didn't *want* the Founder to see Violet naked and submitting to her own dark fantasies. There was a need to keep her—to keep *it*—all to myself. Perhaps I was possessive of her long before I realized it.

I'm an old man, and yet Violet is teaching me new things about myself. The clever cunt.

The Founder brightens. "Then you have control footage to demonstrate her reactivity before *and* after her intellectual training," he says. "Our prototype tester will be excited to see the results."

My jaw ticks. The idea of letting *anyone* destroy Violet in the way I've dreamed of for so long unnerves me. I don't consider her a human being any more than I consider her a cockroach, and yet I want to use her for *myself*. If you consider where her origins began—with her mother—then she is my longest project so far, and I don't intend to waste a specimen as exquisite as Violet on a customer who enjoys penetrating chest wounds.

My mouth pinches, and a sneer twists my expression. Oh, the drudgery of having a sexual need so vile, so violent, and so completely over the top, one becomes a prototype tester for a sex doll company. I'm sure the tester thinks his inclinations are unique, but I've been studying sexual interests since before he was born; he has a basic mind. *My* interests—and Violet's interests—are much more evolved and dynamic. The idea of wasting my precious doll on him irritates me to no end.

I suck in a breath. I won't declare it now, as it's unnecessary to our current business, but I *will* keep Violet as my doll until she dies from natural causes. I'm older than her; alas, there's a possibility a Living Doll's existence can be cut short due to the extreme nature of the maintenance procedures, and I certainly can't let her live longer than me. But I will make her cunt wetter than a dam by torturing her for the rest of her pathetic life.

I redirect our conversation: "May I see the footage of the tester's latest encounter?"

The Founder swipes through his phone, then offers me his device. On the screen, a man stabs the human doll's chest. The doll grunts as air is compressed from its lungs; there's an erratic nature to it, an emptiness, a purely biological response.

I sigh. The Founder is right. We need their brains to work *just* enough to respond with emotion, but not enough to actually resist any activities.

Then again, some clients enjoy the fight. Perhaps one day, we'll have the option of full capacity dolls without the ability to gather enough intelligence to truly defend themselves.

The tester lowers himself and inserts his cock into the doll's chest wound.

He howls: *Cry for me, you little bitch!*

His hips pump, blood splashing his groin. The doll's face is smashed to the side. Blood drips down the breast, its eyes dry and blank.

Cry for me! he shouts.

With those words, Violet's teary gaze fills my mind; my sweet one has cried for me multiple times now. She tries hard to appear as if her desires have no effect on her, but all it takes is a simple command and she dissolves into a brainless whore. Perhaps that's why she enjoys degradation so much; when your only function is to be a fuckable hole, then there's nothing to think about.

I return the device to the Founder. "I have confidence this next specimen will be a perfect fit for the project."

"Excellent," he says.

Movement on my laptop screen causes me to straighten in my seat. Violet sits in the tub again. I switch to a different camera to the view in front of the tub.

She rubs her clit as she stares at the papers inside of the manila folder. Soon, I'll find out whether Violet is aroused by notes on her mother's final days and if she's intrigued by her parentage. In her mind, a rapist took her mother's body, forced her to carry a child, and now, the child is an adult following in the mother's footsteps.

Then again, my sweet one will go further than her mother. There is so much more potential when it comes to Violet's final destination, and I will be her guide.

I reach for a decanter of scotch and two glasses behind my desk. I pour, then offer one of the drinks to the Founder. This is our tradition. The sooner we toast, the sooner I'll get back to using my fuck doll.

"To new beginnings," the Founder says.

I grin. "To fresh blood."

We clink glasses.

Once we finish our scotch, the Founder will exit, and I'll resume Violet's training.

The Founder has his own personal desire: unreactive women who see without judgment. On the other hand, I enjoy their reactions: the transition

from a woman to a permanently degraded and docile object.

Furthermore, I find it fascinating to experiment on my descendants. I've given my life to the study of perversion: is depravity nurtured, or is it inherent? There is never a clear answer, and yet I continually venture forward, always willing to search for the truth in the name of science.

I enjoy nurturing those conflicting urges within a woman as much as I love observing from a distance as they blossom naturally. I have many possible biological descendants who will reach maturation—twenty-five years of age—in the coming years. Violet isn't the first descendant I've experimented on, but she *is* the first to truly capture my attention. Now, with her as my patient, I'll kindle the sick flames inside of her and prepare her for the next phase of her existence.

She will be my most prized possession.

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Chapter 14

Violet

I lay in the bathtub, scanning the handwritten words on my mother's file over and over again. My eyes have adjusted to the darkness, but it's like my mind won't process the meaning. It's a new note, one I don't recognize from the file we stole.

The daughter will be governed by the Smiths.

Year twenty-two, the daughter will be expelled from the Smith's care.

Year twenty-five, the daughter will reach maturation and return to me.

Expelled.

Twenty-five.

Maturation.

Return to *whom?*

I recognize Dr. Ambrose's handwriting from other sections of the file, and he's the only one who worked with my mother.

I'm twenty-five right now.

My brain scrambles, my head filled with fuzzy dots darting on a static screen. If this note is real, then Dr. Ambrose *planned* this. He gave me away with the full intention of taking me back once I was twenty-five, as if he always knew this day would come.

Has he been watching me this entire time then?

From a distance? Or closely?

And why do I feel safer now?

Pleasure rolls between my thighs, and my hips thrust forward. I glance down; I'm rubbing my clamped clit. I dig my fingers into my flesh and groan. I don't know why I keep rubbing myself. I start concentrating on the file to figure out why this note is there, and I end up playing with myself.

I finally remove the clamp. Hot-blooded relief washes through me. I could've taken it off a while ago, but for some reason, I wanted to keep it on.

I steel myself. I have to focus.

Logically, I know the new note is creepy *and* messed up. Dr. Ambrose rejected me, giving me—his probable daughter—to strangers. He *abandoned* me.

But if he always planned to scoop me up again, then did he really abandon me?

What if he didn't write the note? What if someone else did?

What if my father is another staff member, and I can still find him?

What if my father is the assistant, Oliver?

No… It can't be Oliver. I mean, it *could* technically be him; Oliver could have been an intern at the time, or even another patient who took advantage of the situation, like Dr. Ambrose did. Then again, Oliver is probably too young to be my father.

I rub the note with my thumb; the ink smudges, a black smear marking the page. My shoulders sink, and my lungs flatten, each breath harder than the last.

It could be the arousal on my fingers smearing the ink.

Or there's a chance Benji stole an older copy of the file, and twenty-five years later, this *newer* file has enough wet ink to smear.

Or…it could be a new note.

If it's a note Dr. Ambrose wrote recently, then he may be using it to manipulate me. Tapping into my need to belong.

Why would he do that? Why would he go through all of this effort *just* to manipulate me?

As I pant, I realize my fingers are in my pussy again. Damn it. Why does this turn me on?

The file is in front of me, but I'm not reading it. His jagged letters transform into images of him: his M-shaped hairline; the ponytail at the back of his neck; the dirt under his fingernails; the calluses on his palms; the scars on his long, brutal cock; his sallow skin; his full, hungry eyes staring down at me like I'm the only thing that will satisfy him.

My fingers roll over my bundle of nerves, soothing the ache between my legs. I *hate* how my body reacts to this, knowing the potential, knowing it's wrong to get off on this. He's the most messed-up person I've ever met, and the idea he's been waiting for me all of these years digs a hole inside of me.

I should be horrified by the prospect he knew I'd return to the asylum, but my brain zeroes in on our eternal ties. He shouldn't want me, but he *does.* And I shouldn't want him, but I—

I—

You don't know how wrong it is to want me, he had said.

My gut aches, and yet tendrils of pleasure unfurl between my legs, pushing me toward the highest peak. The acid tube is under my hip, hidden by my ass, ready for me to thrust it into his face, but the idea of doing that seems crazy now. How can I potentially blind and kill him when I don't have my answers yet? When I don't know if he's my father? When I don't know why he would want *me?*

My mother is dead and my foster parents kicked me out, but there's something comforting about the fact my father always wanted me to come back to him eventually. He may be a sick fuck who likes torturing me with his piss and fist, but *damn it*, he wants me in his life. He wants to cure me.

And I'm not alone anymore. I have him.

Suddenly, it's so damn clear *why* he would write something like that, and I hate myself for not thinking of it sooner.

He wrote the note so I wouldn't want to hurt him.

And I'm falling for it.

I throw the folder. The papers slide across the floor.

"I have to kill him," I mumble.

I stand and find the shower hose. I try untwisting the metal head. At first, it's stuck, but eventually, it loosens, and I'm able to pull it off of the hose. It weighs the same as a bowling ball, which is more than enough to do some damage. I put it down in the tub underneath me, and I sit. Killing a mother is enough for any child to want to kill their own father.

But what if he did it for a good reason? What if there's more to the story?

I scream and scream, and rip my hair out of my head, and dig my nails into my scalp. I can't stop these messed-up thoughts from clouding my judgment. He has to die!

The door at the top of the stairs opens. My breathing hitches. A person comes bounding down in a few quick steps. The looming figure comes into view.

Dr. Ambrose is here.

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Chapter 15

Violet

Dr. Ambrose stands in front of the bathtub. I wrap my arms over my chest. Heat cascades through my blood vessels; his attention warms me as he studies my every move, like I'm an organism under a microscope. A thing he knows he created.

I have to do this, I think. *I have to.*

I can't let him live.

I can't—

"Your boyfriend will assist you in gathering your essentials for a longer stay at the asylum," he says.

My boyfriend?

Right. He means Benji.

My mouth goes dry; my throat aches. Why is it disappointing I'll be leaving Dr. Ambrose, even for a short time?

I'm disappointed because leaving him means I haven't killed him yet. It's not about him—

"You trust me to leave this place?" I ask, my tone weak. I grimace. Why do I sound so pathetic?

A grin pulls the corners of his lips. "You'll be back."

Goosebumps erupt over my skin, a mix of disgust and desire radiating from my core and pushing to my outer flesh. Maybe this is a test to see how

far I'll go to resist him.

But what if I don't want to leave?

I shake my head. This is ridiculous. I'm not here because of Dr. Ambrose. I'm here because I'm supposed to *kill* him.

But what if he wanted me all along? What if—

I grit my teeth and suppress a grunt. Dr. Ambrose purses his lips, his eyes fixed on me. My stomach clenches. Damn it, I *like* that he notices everything about me, but I need to say enough to get out of this bathtub without him realizing the shower head is behind my back.

"A longer stay? Wh-what will I need?" I say. I need to say something. Anything. "Clothes? Books?"

"Essentials, my dear. You won't need books or clothes while we reprogram you. If you were previously on medications, you may collect those. I always support the prescriptions of my fellow doctors."

His grin widens, and the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. Does this mean he wants to take care of me now? I wouldn't be surprised if he wants my prescriptions in order to control my physical health. He probably gets off on the idea of controlling someone in that way, and that's terrifying.

Because that means he desires me.

And I desire him too.

What is wrong with me?

There's nothing wrong with me, I tell myself. *I'm just being manipulated by a psychopathic, fake doctor who wants to do terrible things to me. And I can use this situation to my advantage. I don't take any medications, but if the acid and blunt force trauma don't work, I have a small pocketknife I've been sharpening. And if that doesn't work, I have pills filled with rat poison. I can tell him it's part of my medication, a pill I only take when symptoms occur, and I can find a way to feed it to him.*

If I kill Dr. Ambrose, then my thoughts—my desires for him—won't matter. He deserves to die.

Doesn't he?

"Think of this as a chance to say a proper goodbye to your boyfriend," Dr. Ambrose murmurs.

My boyfriend?

How do I keep forgetting Benji? And what exactly does he mean by a proper goodbye?

I lean back. The shower head digs into my spine. This isn't a goodbye for Benji or me. This is goodbye for Dr. Ambrose.

My voice trembles: "H-how long will I be staying here?"

"Indefinitely."

My heart rate drops lower and lower, until I'm so weak, I'm not sure I'll be able to pick myself up again. The metal shower head rubs against my back, irritating the skin; I don't adjust myself. It reminds me of my goal.

I ball my fists until my knuckles blanch. Even if Dr. Ambrose has been watching me for years, even if he's always wanted me, even if he always planned to take me back—he's still an abusive, murdering creep who will abuse me mentally, emotionally, physically, and sexually until I die *if* I let him live. And if I don't do this?

The asylum will keep calling me back.

"What about my job?" I ask, stalling. "I need to notify—"

"You were fired due to perversions, my dear. You abandoned your duties all for the hope you could finally find satisfaction, just like your mother."

My face reddens. I forgot Benji lied to Dr. Ambrose, telling him I was masturbating on the job, that my sexual obsessions were taking over my life.

Maybe that wasn't a complete lie. Maybe my obsession *has* taken over my life. I'm here, after all, rationalizing my desire to keep following Dr.

Ambrose down this black hole. Maybe Dr. Ambrose always knew I would end up under his control, just like my mother.

He gave her so much attention. He even impregnated her.

Why did he do that?

Why does that upset me?

Why do I want him to like me *more* than her?

Tears well in my eyes; my throat pangs. I'm so fucking confused.

His nostrils flare. "You need this more than you realize, my sweet one."

My sweet one?

It's derogatory, being called "sweet one," a childish pet name when I'm in my mid-twenties, and yet my core is tender, lust sweeping across my skull, mashing every rational thought until nothing is left but his words: *sweet one, sweet one, my sweet one.* It's like I'm really his daughter.

I untwist the acid tube behind my back. I can't let this happen anymore.

"Dr. Ambrose," I whisper. The tube's top drops into the bathtub. I hold the container upright and steady.

He braces himself against the side of the bathtub. "Yes, sweet one?"

I thrust the contents toward him. The acid splatters his face, sizzling at the contact, and he howls, the surprised rage echoing through the basement. His nails scrape at his skin, desperate to get the liquid off. I jump out of the tub and clutch the shower head. As I stand behind him and raise the fixture, everything I'm losing flashes before my eyes. The answers to who I am. My father. My only deep connection. But I can't stop now. I'll never forgive myself if I don't do this.

I'm doing this for my mother. For other women.

I'm doing this for *myself.*

He cradles his face. Even in the shadows, the erection stretching his pants is obvious. And for a split second, I think about his cock in my mouth. The oozing sores. The sour stench. The ribbed purple veins. The calluses rubbing against my tongue.

I'll never be able to think clearly again unless I kill him.

I raise the shower head again as if it's a hammer. I straighten my shoulders. "You killed my mother, Ivy Ward."

I smack the shower head into the back of his skull. His body dips, and he grunts. Tears stream down my cheeks.

"You were her nurse!" I scream. I whack him in the shoulder blade this time. "You raped her! You killed her!"

I lift the shower head again, aiming for his head; as I swing down, he launches me off of him. I fall on my ass. I scramble for the shower head, but he stomps faster, grabbing it from the floor and throwing it to the side of the room. It ricochets off of the wall.

He lumbers toward me. I pant. Red inflamed craters mark his face. One larger burn on his cheek bubbles white, the acid burning him all the way to the fatty tissue.

His eyes gleam at me, red vessels crowding his pupils. The acid didn't work like I wanted. He can still see me.

Maybe I want him to see me.

He leers at me, anger boiling his stare. "Go on," he grunts. "Tell me."

I tremble. The tendons in his neck pull taut, and I swear, he wants to kill me right now.

"Say what you have to say, you fucking bitch," he growls.

Fear closes my throat. Somehow, I inch backward and get the words out. "H-her file says she was here because her sexually addictive behavior interfered with her daily life. But you did so much worse to her, didn't you? You faked her issues so you could test her with your own fucked-up desires. You're the fucking freak!"

"And you asked your pathetic, straight-laced boyfriend to piss in your mouth like a fucking toilet," he snarls. He knocks his boot into my chest, forcing me onto my back, and I quickly prop myself up on my hands, sprawled out like a crab. He moves his boot between my legs, the rubber

sole grinding into my pussy. “You’re obsessed with your need for perverted satisfaction.”

His cock twitches in his pants, and his expression contorts, the physical agony running through him. Then a smirk begins to crawl over his face.

He likes the pain.

Everything in my mind goes blank. Coldness surrounds me.

“You make these accusations about me, and yet you refuse to acknowledge your own desires and behavior,” he says. I shiver. He twists his ankle, his rubber boots smothering my pussy raw. “My darling, sweet one, we tried to help your mother, but some cases can’t be cured.”

He bends down and brushes his hand over the top of my head, petting me like an animal. Ice runs down me. He chuckles deeply. He doesn’t seem entertained; he seems livid, forcing a laugh before the real torture begins. Tears crowd my throat. His upper lip curls.

“We’re both freaks,” he says. “And that is your problem, sweet one. Your issues are very much real. You belong here.”

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Chapter 16

Violet

I don't belong in the asylum.

My issues aren't real.

I faked the symptoms.

I'm not obsessed with getting perverted satisfaction.

I'm not obsessed.

I'm here because I choose to be here.

I'm here because of my mom.

I'm here because—

For the next hour, these mantras roll around in my head, an endless loop trying to convince myself of my reasons and actions. Everything is a blur. My mind can't fully process anything.

I don't remember getting dressed. I don't remember Dr. Ambrose escorting me from the basement to his office. I don't remember Benji picking me up. I don't remember getting in the car or putting on my seatbelt. Did Benji buckle me up? Did Dr. Ambrose?

I repeat these phrases internally to keep myself in check, because when I stall, my brain falls back to Dr. Ambrose's words:

Your issues are very much real.

You'll be back.

You belong here.

We're both freaks.

It's sunset, the early evening chill settling around us. The asphalt whizzes by. White dashes. Yellow lines. Red lights. Red, like the acid burns on Dr. Ambrose's face. Yellow, like the sagging skin under his eyes. White, like the thick scars on his cock.

"You don't have to go through with this," Benji says.

I stay fixated on the road. Benji has said things like this before, warning me the Ambrose Asylum is a bad place, claiming he wants to protect me. And maybe some stupid part of me assumed Benji would always be here to rescue me. Maybe that's what he's doing now.

What happens if I don't want to be rescued anymore?

Not by him.

Not by me.

The drive stretches on, and the evening grows darker. Benji doesn't say anything else; he focuses on the road. Or maybe he does say more, but I can't hear him.

I could tell Benji to keep driving. I could tell him we need to leave everything in our apartment behind. I could tell him we need to run away so the deranged doctor won't be able to find us. I could tell him we need to go *now.*

My lips don't move. I press my forehead against the window.

Benji is safe. Our life is balanced.

But I want to go back to the asylum and wait for Dr. Ambrose's insane training, and he's probably my father.

Maybe that's why this is okay. It's natural for me to want to be close to my only living parent.

No, no, no! This is not fucking okay!

"What's the plan now?" Benji asks. "I ran a few errands while you were testing." He points at the small pocketknife in the cupholder. "I sharpened it again and made sure you had enough pills in the container."

My voice is a whisper: “I think he’s my father.”

The car swerves. Benji straightens his steering, then turns to me, his hands still on the wheel, the car moving forward.

“Your father?” He blanches. “You can’t be serious.”

I never admitted it out loud, but I’ve known the possibility we’re related for a long time now. For some reason, I didn’t want Benji to know. I guess I didn’t want to confront what that would mean.

Bile bubbles in my throat. I try to get the words out as fast as I can.

“I don’t have DNA proof, but my mother’s physician and psychiatrist were unavailable during her treatment, which means she was solely in the custody of Dr. Ambrose. But if he’s not my father,” I ramble, clinging onto the hope that he’s *not,* that maybe someone else with similar handwriting wrote the note about me returning, and that maybe my father is out there, someone I can find *after* I kill Dr. Ambrose. “Then Dr. Ambrose probably knows who my father is. I just need to ask him a few more questions. In a couple of weeks, I’ll call you, and—”

“No,” Benji says.

Shock punches my chest. I reel back in my seat. “No?”

“You can’t go back there.” He glances at the road, then back at me. “Damn it, Violet. I’m trying to support you, but if you go back there, I can’t help you anymore. And if he’s your father, then he *raped* your mother and killed her, and he’ll do the same to you. I saw everything through the mirror—”

“I liked it,” I blurt. Tears fill my eyes. It’s so messed up, but the truth is ingrained in my flesh. I can’t deny it anymore. “I liked everything he did to me. I didn’t want to like it, but it felt right. And now I’m closer to finding out where I belong, and—”

“You’re a good person,” Benji pleads. “You need to move on. Let go of this. He’s preying on your need for acceptance—”

“Preying on me?” I gasp. Rage bubbles to the surface. “Even if he is preying on me, *I’m the one who came to him.* I’m the one who wants this!”

The car engine rumbles. Benji faces forward, his brow furrowed, his features twisted in disgust.

“You’re not serious,” he says quietly. “You can’t want this. He’s obviously manipulating you.”

“I do want this,” I repeat. “I do want this! I have to. I *want* to. I do!”

“You want to kill him?”

“Yea—” I start to say, but the word fades like mist.

Benji’s jaw drops. A beat passes. Then his fists grip the steering wheel tighter.

“You’re into him,” he says. “The man who raped and murdered your mother.”

“I can’t help—”

The car screeches to a halt outside of our apartment. He turns off the engine. A street light illuminates our parking spot in the twilight. Our breathing is erratic, both of us filled with emotions so strong, they’re threatening to boil over.

I don’t know what to do. I don’t know how to make sense of it.

But I know I have to go back.

“While you were fucking the doctor, I was out searching for answers,” Benji barks, his voice stern and cold, a side to Benji I haven’t seen before. I rock in place. He snarls. “Dr. Ambrose told me you might have dug up your mother to fuck her. I didn’t believe him, but her grave was empty, Violet, like you actually dug her up to take her with you!”

Dig up her grave? Why was it empty? Does Dr. Ambrose have something to do with that?

Will Benji leave me because of this?

“I didn’t do that,” I pant. “I swear, Benji. I—”

“I know.” He rubs a hand over his face. “Dr. Ambrose did it to mess with our heads, and that should show you how dangerous he is. You’re strong, Violet, and you can kill him if you really want to. But you’re having second thoughts, and that’s not good. I can see it in your eyes.”

He grabs my hands, squeezing them. A lock of curly hair falls over his forehead. This is the man I should want.

But I don’t want him.

“You can’t let this obsession control you,” he warns. “You just want a real family. All of us do. No one can blame you for that. But your mother is dead, and you’re still here.” My insides are crushed to a pulp, my mouth open. His features stiffen. “Don’t throw your life away for some vague chance at a family that was never meant to exist in the first place.”

Never meant to exist?

Is he saying *I* wasn’t meant to exist?

My heart breaks.

Benji thrusts the gear and reverses out of the parking spot. “Fuck this,” he mutters. “We’re leaving.”

“Wait. Why?” I ask. “Where are you taking me?”

“Don’t know. Don’t care,” he grunts. “Not fucking here.”

The car speeds down the street. A gas station. A general store. An empty field. The main road. The highway is close now.

We’re close. We’re way too close.

I can’t leave.

“Stop it!” I shout. “I need to go back!”

“No, you don’t.”

He keeps driving. I grab the pocketknife from the cupholder and flick it open. “Go back *now,* Benji, or I swear to the blood in my veins, I will hurt you.”

“You won’t.” He steps on the gas. “You’re not that kind of person. You’re not like him, Violet. You’re *good*.”

“Go back!”

“No!”

I lurch forward. The knife slices Benji’s arm; the car swerves. Oncoming headlights sear across our vision. A car honks. We veer into an empty field.

Benji slams on the brakes.

I wheeze; my knife is dotted with blood. Benji gawks at his wound. It’s not deep, but I *did* hurt him. Why did I do that? He’s my boyfriend. I’m supposed to take care of him.

What’s wrong with me?

“I’m not done,” I cry. “I have to go back.”

Benji narrows his gaze at me, but water glosses the bottom of his eyes; there’s pain in his expression, like he’s about to break too. He looks away.

He must think I’m choosing Dr. Ambrose over him.

I am though… Aren’t I?

There’s a better chance of me finding out who I am if I put off my revenge plan for a little while longer. If Dr. Ambrose helps me explore my desires, then maybe I’ll see how similar and different I am to my mother and father. Maybe my life will finally make sense, and I’ll be able to move on.

“I have to do this,” I whisper.

“What is ‘this’ exactly?” Benji’s shoulders quiver. “Do you even want to kill him anymore?”

My bottom lip trembles. I can’t speak.

Benji sighs. He turns the car around, the tires rolling softly against the dirt.

On the road, he nods to the glove compartment. I take out an orange prescription bottle with a ripped label and blue capsules.

“I can’t save you anymore, but you can still take those with you,” he says. “Find your answers, and then get rid of the motherfucker.”

His words spear me. I keep holding onto this idea that Dr. Ambrose may not be my father, but inside, I know Dr. Ambrose *is* a motherfucker.

My heart breaks, not for Benji, but for the old me. The girl who was told her biological parents chose drugs over her. The girl who faked her orgasms. The girl who had a job, who was planning to go to college. The girl who had a life before this. I mourn the girl I was before I found out who my mother was. I can't bring my mother back from the dead. I can't make Dr. Ambrose love me like a father should. And I can't let Benji save me anymore.

I want closure, to be able to control my thoughts again. It'd be so much easier if I had normal desires and I loved Benji, but that's not my life.

More than anything, I want to be loved unconditionally.

My dead mother will never give me that.

My ex never gave me that.

Benji will never give me that.

But Dr. Ambrose? I burned him with acid, and he still wants me.

Benji parks outside of our apartment, this time in an actual parking space. He sulks inside, clutching the cut on his arm.

The neighboring apartments are lit up, shadowed figures pacing across their windows. Our apartment stays dark, as if Benji collapsed as soon as he closed the door.

Dr. Ambrose said I won't be wearing clothes when I'm at the asylum, so why pack my bags? I have the knife and the poison pills in the car with me. I should go back to the asylum now.

An urge wells inside of me, pushing me out of the car. My feet take me to the road. With the knife and the pills in my pockets, I head toward the nearby cemetery.

It's dark now, but I want to see my mother's empty grave for myself.

Going to the cemetery is like asking Dr. Ambrose to come find me, to chase me down, to prove he'll never let me go, to make him care for me

indefinitely.

To be honest, I don’t want Dr. Ambrose to let me go either.

We’re alike that way.

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Chapter 17

Violet

I move. Step. Breathe. It's like I'm watching myself, a puppet connected to strings, operated by an invisible force. I'm not sure what to do, who I am, or why I have this need to see my mother's grave one last time. Maybe it'll give me the confirmation that this is the right decision for me.

Benji, the only safe person in this world, is gone now.

At least my father is still alive.

Somehow, I get through the cemetery's rusted black gates. Sparse lights illuminate the brown grass between the headstones. It's quiet here. A low buzzing sensation ripples through me, a dying light's last surge of energy. I'm completely numb.

Just keep going, I think. *Step. Breathe. It's okay, because you're going to end this. You're doing this for a good reason. The right reason.*

I pat the knife and the pill container in my pockets, then I swallow hard, tears burning my eyes. The gate hinges creak, and the high-pitched screech creeps along the back of my neck.

A week ago, seeing her gravestone would renew hope inside of me. I was close to finally getting myself back. Killing someone would obviously land me in jail, but wouldn't it be better than being trapped in my own mind? Better than if I didn't do it?

I stop at her grave. Her headstone rises to my knees, and yet its presence looms like a tower. *Freak* is written across it in jagged, faded pink letters. Below it, the dark, empty grave beckons me, a cheap coffin propped open at the bottom covered in shadows.

Benji was right. I didn't dig up my mother's grave, but someone did.

It was probably Dr. Ambrose.

But why would he go through such great lengths to convince Benji I had dug up my mother's corpse? Does Dr. Ambrose want me *that* much?

I shake my head. I hate that I like that idea.

A small building, not much bigger than a garden shack, catches my attention. It's probably the groundskeeper's storage area or the office. Whoever is in there may know something about the empty grave. I doubt anyone works at night, but I'm grasping for answers. I'm crumbling on the inside.

I run toward it.

"Please!" I bang on the door. "Can someone help? My mother's grave has been dug up! Help! I think someone stole my mother!" I pound my fists into the dull wood. "Someone help me." My resolve crumbles. I whisper, "Tell me what to do."

My knuckles wrap the door until they're raw.

The door stays closed.

I lean on the building, slide to the ground, and hug my knees close to my chest. Sobs rake through me. It's like I'm in the ocean, and I'm fucking drowning because I know what I want, but none of it is good for me.

Breathe. Step. Move forward, I tell myself. *You can't give up now, or this will haunt you for the rest of your life. If this is a trap, then you have to go through with it, even if you end up in your own grave.*

Eventually, I drag my feet against the patchy grass. I wrinkle my nose at the empty coffin. What did Dr. Ambrose do with her corpse, anyway? Is he the kind of man to fuck the dead?

I shake my head. Dr. Ambrose gets off on causing pain, and a corpse can't feel anything. He must have done this to manipulate Benji and control me.

Why does that warm my insides?

I sit on the edge of the grave and dangle my feet inside. Maybe there's comfort in a world where Dr. Ambrose wants me enough to create a situation where I'm forced to stay in his care, where I'm completely his.

No, no, no! He's all wrong!

I scream and tear my fingers through my hair. For fuck's sake, I just want to belong to *anyone* as long as I don't have a choice. As long as they want me *that* much!

Maybe I did this to myself…

Maybe I like that Dr. Ambrose might be my father.

Maybe I like everything he's done to me.

Maybe I love it.

My stomach churns, knots spiraling deeper into my core, tendrils of logic and self-hatred braiding with disgust and shame. Still, I want more of him, because I don't know if I'll ever find another connection like ours.

We're both freaks, Dr. Ambrose had said, as if my desires, my desperation, my *needs* were acceptable. Familiar. A genuine part of who I am. Who *we* are.

A car engine echoes across the empty streets. Headlights flicker as the vehicle turns onto the road. A brown cargo van with gold-painted ridges comes into view. Bars cage the small windows on the side, and bright red letters decorate the exterior: *The Ambrose Asylum.*

Dr. Ambrose is here to collect me.

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Chapter 18

Violet

Ice freezes my chest and every muscle clenches as the van parks outside of the cemetery. The engine stops. The headlights switch off.

I stand next to my mother's grave.

Don't breathe or step. Run. Run!

The van doors open. The assistant steps out and pushes up his glasses.

Then Dr. Ambrose emerges.

A pulse pounds in my ears. My toes curl. I hold my breath.

The doctor steps around the van and into the streetlight. We're a few meters away from each other, and yet the burns flecked across his face are visible, and the deep crater on his cheek flames red.

He offers his hand to me. "Are you ready to come home, love?"

Home?

Love?

Acid curdles in my throat. Flashes of white spot my vision. I have the knife and the poison. This is what I want.

But what if the "right" reasons aren't enough for me to do this anymore?

What if I'm *never* free of Dr. Ambrose?

I take a step back. "No," I whisper.

Dr. Ambrose opens the gate, the metal hinge creaking.

“I was afraid of this,” he says. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out metal handcuffs. “Benji told me about your argument.”

Benji talked to Dr. Ambrose already? Even after he told me we had to run away? Is Dr. Ambrose lying about that?

Why would he lie?

“I-I don’t believe you,” I stammer.

“You may have your doubts, but we both know where you belong,” he murmurs.

Each word etches into my skin. As my pupils narrow in on him, I realize his features are carved into me. We have the same dark eyes. The same high cheekbones. My skin is firm where his is loose, but in thirty to forty years, I will probably look just like him.

The world fades: there is no assistant, no cemetery, no empty coffin, no gate keeping us trapped.

It’s only Dr. Ambrose and me.

“I need more time.” I step back and stumble over a headstone. I catch myself and keep walking backward, careful to never turn my back on him, to always keep my eyes on the predator. “I need time.”

“You need more than time, sweet one,” he says. “You need *me*.”

I spin around and leap forward, each foot pummeling into the ground. The assistant darts to the side, closing in on me in one direction. Dr. Ambrose circles to the other.

I hide behind the small shack. My heartbeat drums in my ears.

Run! Leave!

I could hop the gate, but there are spikes at the top. I’m not even sure I could pull myself up and over without getting hurt, and the assistant is waiting for me to escape the gates. And Dr. Ambrose is inside of the cemetery, getting closer to me with every second.

The knife.

I *can* stab him. I can finally get this over with. I can—

The gravel crunches. I whip around.

Dr. Ambrose fists my hair and drags me between the headstones.

“You can’t do this!” I scream. Hair rips from my scalp. He adjusts his hold. My body leaves a trail of flattened grass. I bang on his arm and dig my nails into his skin. “Help!” I twist my neck. Pain shoots down my spine. “Someone, please—”

Dr. Ambrose drops me. I collapse on the ground, then flip over onto my hands and knees, pushing myself up. He kicks me in the stomach so hard that I roll and fall into a hole.

The coffin thuds, then the lid knocks into my head. I heave, the wind knocked out of me. Somehow, I stand up. I pull the pocketknife out, flick it open, and hide it in the waistband of my leggings while accidentally jabbing my leg with the pointed tip. I’m probably bleeding, but I don’t feel it. I have to be prepared.

Dr. Ambrose jumps into the coffin, his weight crashing into the wood. He hovers over me, caging me in his darkness.

My chest deflates. His eye sockets darken like shadowed caverns in the night. He sneers down his nose.

“You’ve been obsessed with your mother ever since you found out who she was,” he says.

He unzips his pants. His peeling cock is hard, a dried corn husk shedding its skin, and my legs spread apart even as I tremble against the dirt wall. He angles forward, crowding me.

“Did you truly think you would accidentally stumble upon an old copy of your birth certificate with her name?” he asks. “You only found out who she was because I wanted you to.”

My throat constricts. I’m poisoned by his scent: disinfectant, sourness, dirt. He grips my neck. I press my arms to my side, the knife digging into my skin. I cross my fingers, pleading he doesn’t notice the weapon. Not yet.

He leers at me. “Answer me honestly, sweet one. Do you think she wanted you?”

My vision blurs. I clench my eyes shut. “Dr. Ambrose, please—”

“She told me to abort you. Begged me, in fact. She couldn’t bear the thought of bringing another life into this cruel world. It wasn’t up to her though.”

He squeezes my neck tighter; I gulp down my spit. I clasp the knife’s handle; he doesn’t notice. He bares his jagged teeth.

“I injected my seed into her because I knew a woman like you would eventually come to me,” he says. “I’ve been experimenting for years to see whether depravity is nature or nurture, and though I’ve found evidence to steer me both ways, you, Violet, are *nature.*”

I grit my teeth. “No!”

“Did you know I kept her in a cage for the entire duration of her pregnancy?” His smile widens. “Of course you do. You had your idiot boyfriend steal my files. But do you know *why* I kept her in the cage?” He winks. “I couldn’t let her take away what’s mine. I couldn’t let you die due to some foolish attempt at mercy.”

I am *not* his.

I pull the knife out and ram it forward. The sharp edge cuts his chest, but before it penetrates, he grabs my wrist, cinching it midair.

I shove harder, but I can’t move.

A spot of blood seeps through his lab coat.

He smirks down at me, then squeezes my wrist tighter, and tighter, until the pain blinds me.

He’s going to crush me.

I cry as I drop the knife. Finally, he loosens his grip on my wrist.

“Oh, sweet one,” he says. “If you truly want to kill me, you’re going to have to try harder than that.”

Panic floods me. I reach for the top of the grave and jump, clutching the dirt. Each handful sends clumps of earth hailing down, but I can't pull myself out. He rips me from the wall.

My eyes burn, but I snarl at him. "Fuck you—"

He tackles me to the coffin. My lungs compress and strain for air. He tears down my leggings and begins to mount me. I reach around for the knife, scrambling for anything to help me survive. But his cock impales me, and as he props himself up on his elbows, he grins, like he knows he's won.

"Looking for this?" He raises the knife, pressing it against my throat. "Tell me, freak. Does your cunt get wet when you're forced to meet the potential of your death?" The knife pierces my skin, the tiniest trickle of blood tracing my neck like a bead of sweat. I moan, and he snaps his teeth. "It didn't take anything for me to slide inside of your filthy hole just now. You *want* me to hurt you with a knife. You want me to fucking take you."

Tears drown me, and finally, I let go, sinking into the wooden exterior crowding me. My mother's coffin becomes my cradle, and Dr. Ambrose becomes my home without a door. A locked cage without a key. He is the embodiment of every messed-up thought in my brain.

And he is exactly what I want.

"Don't move, or I may cut you even more, you pathetic piece of trash," he says. I shudder. His cock digs a hole inside of me. "You came from a freak, you are a freak, and soon, you'll be nothing but *my* fucking freak."

My chest crushes my heart, and as each valve pulses, pushing blood through my vessels, I tremble so hard against the coffin, the pill container smashes into my thighs.

I still have the poison. It's not over yet.

But there's something inside of me that wants to give up, to accept everything. Wouldn't it be easier to give everything to this man? A man so obsessed he chased and captured me, even after I burned him. Even when I tried to stab him.

A thought echoes across my consciousness: I will never be the person I was before Dr. Ambrose. I am a living corpse, and this is a symbolic death.

He swipes his hand across my face, then licks the tears from his hands, his fingernails black with dirt, and I realize why his hands have been filthy this whole time: he dug up my mother's grave before the initial examination. The proof of his obsession has always been right in front of me. He stole my dead mother, and he did it to control me.

"Fuck you!" I scream. I don't know if I'm mad at him or myself, but I'm frustrated, and it's the only thing I can say to hold on to my old self. "Fuck you, you fucking—"

"You *are* fucking me, sweet one," Dr. Ambrose says with a cold laugh. Goosebumps ripple over my skin as his cock jabs inside of me. He puts his lip to my ear, the knife pressed against my neck. "And soon, fucking me will be the only joy in your miserable existence."

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Chapter 19

Dr. Ambrose

A sense of gratitude washes over me as Oliver and I carry Violet back inside of the Ambrose Asylum. It should have been difficult to get the hand and ankle cuffs on her, but post-orgasm, I choked her unconscious, and the bitch had no choice but to welcome the restraints. Afterward, Oliver helped pull her out of the grave, and by the time she woke up, she was in the back of my van.

Now, barely able to take more than a half step in front of her without tripping from the restraints, she wriggles like a worm, eager to show her complete rejection of me and the asylum, to cling to the lie that she doesn't belong here.

Her murder attempts delight me. She seems determined to kill me, though I'm sure it's becoming harder to find the motivation to follow through with it. She likes having her father too much.

With our new brain chip, she'll become a doll, but I guarantee the fire will still be visible in her small, dark eyes.

I'm proud of my discipline, allowing her the space to grow independently while fostering her obsessions from afar. An article here. An old birth certificate there. A rumor whispered nearby. A dash of pink paint across a headstone, and suddenly, she can only think about me.

"Fuck you!" she hisses.

A patient gawks, while another hunches their shoulders, stealing glances in our direction. A guard nods at me, then resumes his focus on the other two patients. No one truly listens to the young woman's cries.

She shouts: "You can't do this! You can't—"

"Why do you insist on pretending like you didn't orchestrate this entire process so you could find your precious mother?" I ask. I jerk the handcuffs; she stumbles. I use the chain to pull her up to her feet. "You wanted to find out if she truly was a freak. Now, you get to experience it for yourself."

A blood-curdling scream erupts from her chest, and I chuckle, exchanging a knowing look with Oliver and the other staff members in the area. Violet's reaction is confirmation I'm correct; the best part is she *knows* I am.

We take Violet to a doorless room with special restraining equipment. Though Violet isn't truly a danger to herself or others, the fact is she tried to murder me twice; she could become volatile at any moment. She *must* be completely restrained.

Furthermore, it pleases me to keep her separated from the other patients. Alone. Desperate for attention. *My* attention.

A window frames the back of the narrow room, thick bars striking across it. Moonlight shines during certain times of the year; during the daylight hours, the window remains in shadow, which will aid in numbing Violet's bleak existence. Some may think it's unusual to give a patient the freedom to view the outside world, but I had this room designed for situations where I want the patient to be aware of the passage of time.

Surveillance cameras are placed in each corner of the room, and the video feeds are linked to my office and home computers; I can see her whenever I'd like.

As I grip Violet between my arms, Oliver props open the bed cage. This particular bed—which is not much of a bed at all, though it will be where

she sleeps—is a large metal contraption, propped up at mattress height. Formally, it's called a Utica crib: a metal cage barred with crib-like sidings for every surface, including the top. It's no deeper or wider than a coffin. I had this particular one customized with wrist and ankle restraints for especially unruly patients. It's meant to keep them from harming themselves; I find it especially helpful when it comes to intellectual training.

I have so much to teach my sweet one.

Once the crib cage is ready and I've unlocked Violet's cuffs, I wrestle her down to the metal, yank off her tattered clothes, then strap her into the restraints. Oliver waits at the door with a cattle prod, ready to assist me if she runs, but he knows not to touch her. If he does, I'll kill him.

She pulls at her restraints, then whimpers. Hopelessness is slack on her face, her brows pinched.

It makes me smile.

I slam the cage shut, then pick up her clothes from the floor. A hard item protrudes in the pocket.

I smirk. I wonder what it is. Did my daughter find another way to try to hurt me?

The satisfying click of the cage's lock mixes with her screams, and the melody heats my groin. She'll never be able to get out. Not unless I'm here.

"Is this where you locked her up?" Violet cries. "While she was pregnant?"

I'm sure I have a record of her mother's whereabouts while she was here, but decades have passed, and as I've lost interest in her mother, I've forgotten those details.

Violet doesn't need to know that though.

"Of course it is." I give her a playful wink. "Try to get used to it faster than she did. You need your sleep. We'll start your training soon."

Oliver and I exit her room while she continues to scream profanities. Neither of us acknowledges her.

I assign Oliver to work on his regular individual duties. Then I call the cemetery's groundskeeper and give him a short command before I hang up: "You may return to fill the grave."

For an hour, Violet's cries reverberate through the hallways, but her mournful reactions will only last so long. It would almost be a shame for her grief to be that short…if I wasn't excited to push her into the next phase of her existence.

Typically, I'd return home for the night to work on my personal projects or my partnership with The Pure Companion Company, but the thought of being away from Violet at such a crucial time in her development doesn't sit well with me.

Instead, I eat a late dinner in my office underneath a glowing lightbulb, watching the footage of Violet's room on my laptop. Violet's red cheeks are visible through the grainy footage. Her chin bolts, seemingly for no reason. I can imagine it now: she must be jerking herself out of her impure thoughts. My gaze lingers on her breasts, her nipples firm.

The clothes.

I reach for her clothing and find the pocketed item: an orange container filled with blue capsules. I tilt my head. The label has been removed, leaving shreds of the adhesive behind.

I pocket the container. I'll take it to the laboratory for testing tomorrow. The pills could be for a medical reason, though instinct tells me they're not. They must be another murder attempt destined to fail. She must still think she can get away with it. It's sad, really.

And so entertaining.

While I've had many children over the years, Violet is the first to reach age twenty-five *and* have an already developed sexual deviance like mine, which is why I consider her my first *real* child in some ways: the only one

to be worthy of my time and attention thus far. Though I have no interest in her siblings until they reach twenty-five, I do keep track of them. At eighteen, I begin the process of tracking their behaviors. The others seem to exhibit typical interests in sex or even a complete lack of desire. Violet is different though; she is so much like me. She simply needs to accept her deviancy.

She will be so much happier as my doll.

An hour later, a guard enters Violet's room, his erection poking a tent in his pants. He says something to her, and she squirms, her lips curled in disgust, but the woman is completely trapped. She can't do anything. Her cunt must be sopping wet.

Red blurs my vision. I can't stand the thought of letting another man touch her. *I* want to be her sole creator, the only one to mold her inner deviancy.

I want her all to myself.

I call Oliver. "Get rid of the guard," I say.

A minute later, Oliver appears on the surveillance footage and waves frantically to the guard. The two of them hurry down the hallway.

The guard won't be missed; he'll fuel the furnace at the other end of the asylum.

As for Violet, she'll be completely alone.

For now.

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Chapter 20

Dr. Ambrose

Darkness comes over the asylum. The light is powered off in Violet's room, and the surveillance cameras switch to night vision. Every once in a while, another guard, different from the one I had Oliver dispose of earlier, paces past Violet's room, and her eyes flutter.

Finally, she closes her eyes.

I'm impressed she's actually able to sleep. There must be relief in being back at the asylum, completely restrained and under my care.

After I pocket a case with two syringes, I head to Violet's room. I nod at a different guard, and he continues his walk, monitoring the hallway outside of the individual rooms. He was once a patient here too until he was successfully cured and found his place among our ranks.

My asylum isn't up to today's standards of care, which is one of the many reasons I've made my home here. Society puts too much pressure on normalizing civilians; on the other hand, I find with the right push, we can embrace our curiosities and flourish.

And Violet *will* find her truest self here.

In the hallway outside of her room, her sour scent fills my nostrils; the restraints must arouse the dumb cunt. My cock stirs to attention.

I stop at the entrance to her room.

Though the moon is hidden from the window, soft light filters into the room, lighting Violet's naked form. Breasts no bigger than a handful. An average body. Natural black hair at her roots, the rest of her locks dyed blonde, as if she dyed her hair to pretend she wasn't a part of the family. To hide who she was. To pretend she was normal.

The thought amuses me.

My boots tap quietly on the floor. Violet's eyes open, instantly locking on mine. Fear widens her pupils, her breath caught in her throat.

A grin spreads across my lips.

"What?" she panics. "Why are you here? Don't—"

I reach through the cage bars and brush her silky cheek with my fingertips; the woman falls silent. I want to scar every part of her, to permanently mark her so no one in this world can ever question if she's mine. At the same time, I want to savor her, to worship every inch of her that reflects our shared blood.

"You've had so much stress, sweet one," I say calmly. "Wouldn't it be easier if you stopped fighting and embraced your new life?"

She bites her lip, seeming to consider it, but then the poor cunt looks away. Tears bead her eyelids, and after a few moments, those first drops fall. I scoop them up with my finger and lick the salty liquid off of my skin.

I love the taste of her sorrow.

I unlock the top of her cage and leave it open. "Are you ready for your first lesson?"

I graze my knuckles along her neck and breasts. Heat blooms in my chest, spreading down to my cock. Arousal flushes through my system.

Violet's body reddens.

"You're eager to learn, aren't you?" I ask.

Her chin jerks, a refusal to admit her desires, but we both know her truth.

I remove my clothing. I’m a toned man, and my exterior is patterned with scars from years of experimental sadomasochism. The shallow knife wound over my heart from when she attempted to stab me in the cemetery has already begun to scab over, forming a purple cap. I’m tempted to keep digging at it until it forms a scar.

My long cock bobs between my legs, the wound on the tip oozing a light green pus. Purple, engorged veins loop around my shaft, and tough white patches of callused skin patch the length from scarring and overuse. I admit, my length is quite different from the typical man’s, but I embrace that part of myself. I crush my shaft; threads of pain lace through my spine.

Violet gazes at my cock, my abdomen, my neck, my eyes. I climb into the cage, sit on top of her, and pin her shoulders underneath my knees. It must be excruciating to have my weight on top of her; the metal cage must be digging into her skin.

She can refuse me all she wants. Her words don’t mean anything.

I own her.

“Now, imagine I’m your father,” I say. “You can pretend, can’t you, Violet?”

“Are you insane?” she cries. It’s obvious from her tone she knows the truth. She knew it before she even stepped foot on the asylum grounds. She raises her voice: “Fuck you, you fucking—”

I slap my hand over her mouth. Her eyes widen, her pupils incredibly large. My dick bounces between us, engorged with blood and the need to fuck the life out of her.

“Don’t talk to your father like that,” I warn with a frown. “If you want the ability to talk, then you will speak *nicely* to me.”

Her eyes fill with water, but her venom swims to the surface too, ready to tear me open.

I welcome it.

Surrender falls onto her frame, and her body sinks into the metal bed. I grind my ass into her lower half. I want her to endure my entire weight.

“Answer my question,” I say in a low voice. “Who am I to you?”

“My father,” she whispers.

“I think you can do better than that.” Her bottom lip trembles. I wink at her. “Try again, my love. Who am I to you?”

Her tongue darts across her bottom lip. “My daddy.”

Hunger ruptures my self control. I want to taste her need. More importantly, I want her to taste *me*.

“Good girl,” I murmur.

I spit, letting a glob of saliva drop onto her face. The bubbled liquid trickles over her cheek. I slide my flattened palm over her, smearing my spit. She shudders, her shoulders hunching, then she twists her neck to avoid my saliva.

I grab her chin and force her to open her lips. Her tongue stretches out instinctually, and I laugh. She can’t even deny it: the bitch is ready for my spit.

“You are such a greedy, nasty thing,” I say. I spit directly onto her tongue. She swallows it, her eyes glazed with lust. “Who did you get that from? Certainly not from me. You must have gotten it from your whore mother.”

Rage flashes across her expression. “Fuck—”

I slap her cheek, stopping those words.

“What did I tell you about speaking to your father that way?” I snarl.

I spit on her tongue and shove her mouth back. She licks her lips, sucking in my saliva. I turn around and scoot my ass higher on her form until I’m positioned with my face toward the door and my ass sitting on her drenched face. Then I rub my asshole back and forth over her like an infected dog wiping its ass on the carpet. Her small nose tickles my opening.

That is a physical feature she got from her mother. My sweet one doesn't have my distinctive, curved nose.

I let my full weight rest on top of her. The tip of her nose burrows into my asshole, teasing me. She squirms, suffocating underneath me.

"Such a youthful thing. So vibrant. So full of life," I say. "I can take that all away from you right now by staying where I am. Suffocating you with my ass." I squeeze the wound on the head of my cock, then stroke the brittle scars on my length. Pain and pleasure pulse through me, creating a unique friction. The bitch wriggles, and I chuckle to myself. I love having her fighting for her life underneath me.

"I won't kill you," I say softly. "Not yet. That'd be too easy for you, my love."

I lift my ass. She gasps deeply, sucking in as much oxygen as possible. The desperate little twat.

"Stick out your tongue and lick my ass," I command. "If you do well, I'll let you cum."

"Wait—"

I lower myself again, and this time, the eager cunt knows better. She sticks out her tongue, her wet flesh flicking across my ridges, stabbing in and out of my ringed muscle. I groan; the tension dances along my nervous system, every blood vessel expanding with warmth. I beam as I ride her face. There's nothing quite like forcing a strong woman to tongue-fuck your filthiest hole.

Come to think of it, there are a few *worse* things than being forced to tongue-fuck a stink hole, and with every passing day, I'll force Violet to do more of these horrid things. No doubt, the bitch will love every second of it.

I lift up. A slight moan slashes through her lips.

"Daddy loves using his precious one like this," I tease. "Does it feel good knowing I finally want you?" I reach behind me and slap her cheek.

She grimaces, her lips open, ready for more. I smirk. “You haven’t been of use to me for decades, but now, I can finally use you however I want.”

“Please—” she cries.

I lower my hips again, resting my ass on her face. I bend forward and rub my finger between her pussy lips. Her sopping need drenches my fingertips.

“Ah, such a whiny thing, and yet your body knows it needs this,” I say wistfully. “If your mother was here, what would she think of you like this? A used-up cunt thrusting her tongue into Daddy’s asshole.”

Violet bucks her hips forward, and I laugh hard. The bitch can deny it, but her cunt knows it wants this. I dig my fingers into her pussy, curling them toward her tender spot.

“Such a filthy fuck hole,” I murmur.

And I want *more.*

I lean down and taste her nasty twat while forcing her to take my cock in her mouth. Using the crib sides as leverage, I slam my cock down her throat while I lick her dripping folds. She gags, choking on my long length, and I groan as her ripe taste coats my tongue. I suck in every drop. She’s a wanton cunt who needs to be fucked by her father, who gets *off* on knowing how wrong it is, and that fulfills me.

“You, my sweet one, are completely and utterly rotten.” My thumb circles her clit. “You’re filthy.”

She gargles on my length. I keep going harder, deeper, *punishing* her throat, teaching her that I own her, that she never truly owned herself. Her body has no choice. The bitch doesn’t even use her teeth on me.

All it will take is a few lessons from her dearest father, some conditioning of her brain, a few punishments and rewards, and all of her mental resistances will disintegrate too.

I tear myself off of her, then mount her in the traditional missionary position, my cock goring her slippery cunt. I drop my mouth against her

neck.

“Look at how easy that was,” I growl. Her cunt clenches around me, her velvet walls mashing my cock with her sheath. She moans pitifully, and the wound on the end of my cock jabs her cervix; pain flutters inside of me. I grunt and keep going; the pus must be dabbing her spongy organ with morbid colors.

“I could smell your cunt down the hallway,” I mutter. “Your musky, nasty twat is aroused by the thought of your daddy using your helpless body. Mommy wasn’t enough to satisfy me all those years ago. Daddy needs you now; don’t I, sweetness? And you need me too. My slutty cunt of a daughter *likes* being used by me. Don’t you, cunt?” I bite her earlobe, and her body jerks. The bitch groans. I chuckle. “Keep fighting me; your cunt squeezes Daddy so nicely.” I cup her face. “You love my cock, don’t you, sweet one?”

“No,” she cries. “You’re disgusting!”

I lick her cheek. Salt paints my tongue, mixing with her sour flavor.

“Lies,” I whisper harshly. “All lies.”

“Fuck you!”

I stop my thrusting. Though I never tolerate disobedience, I can admit *internally* I enjoy her fiery response. In some ways, she’ll be a challenge to mold, and I admire that about her.

She doesn’t need to know that though.

“Repression is odd, isn’t it?” I say coldly. “You want me *more,* knowing I’m your father, because your need for approval—for acceptance from me—is buried so far deep inside of you, you don’t even know it’s there.”

“You—” she seethes. Her lips move, unable to find the right words. Finally, she tries again. “You are *not* my father! There’s no proof!”

I resume thrusting my cock. Then, while resting my weight on one side, I reach down between us and add two fingers to her cunt hole, stretching her with my cock *and* my fingers. It’s a snug fit; her pelvic bone stops the

blood flow to my outstretched fingers, causing them to go numb. But she took my fist earlier; she can definitely take more.

I add a third finger, forcing it in, then I fuck her. She cries out, and I remove my fingers and rub her wetness over her cheeks.

“Shall we test it?” I ask. I tilt my head toward my trousers on the floor. “I brought some syringes. We can take your blood right now.”

“No!” she screams. “Please don’t. I can’t—”

“You don’t need a test to prove it, do you?” I wink. “Accept yourself, Violet. Admit you *want* to be here. To see me. To know your father.”

“It wasn’t about you!”

“Maybe you liked thinking it wasn’t, but it *is* undeniable now.” I laugh. “It may have originally been about your mother or your selfish emotional needs. Now, it’s all about me and what I can do for your sloppy cunt.” I lick her neck, and she shivers. Heat plows across my back. I groan into her. “You hardly ran from me in the cemetery. Your little stabbing attempt was weak at best, and now you expect me to believe it was never about me when your cunt is *this* wet?”

I plop down to the floor. My cock weeps with pre-cum, though proving my point is more important than cumming right now. I take one of the syringes from my trouser’s pocket.

“P-please,” Violet stammers. “Please. Dr. Ambrose. *Daddy.* Don’t—”

The needle pricks the crook of her elbow.

She holds her breath.

Blood fills the syringe.

“A paternity test will clear your doubts,” I say. “Perhaps you’ll finally be able to accept who you are.”

Once it’s full, I lock eyes with Violet as I lift the needle to my mouth. I squirt the blood onto my tongue and slurp it down. She wails, her entire demeanor soaked in liquid sorrow, but her hips gyrate. The bitch *knows* it excites her to see me drinking her essence.

“I suppose we need another,” I say.

This time, I prick her other elbow. Once I have what I need, I put the syringes back into the case, then stuff them in my trouser’s pocket and toss the pants to the floor.

I put my mouth to her elbow crook, directly against one of the puncture wounds. Hardly any liquid comes out, but I greedily suck in every drop of her vitality I can. She sobs, and I lift my mouth, chuckling down at her with red stained teeth.

“How can you do this?” she whispers. “I-I thought you wanted to save me.” Her eyes dart across the room, as if she can find an answer there, a reason for this madness. “I thought you wanted to fix me—”

“Fix you?” I snort.

I stand at the end of her crib cage as I jerk myself, the taste of her metallic blood still coating my tongue. She trembles, and a vein in her neck rapidly quivers.

I climb into the cage again, readying my cock at her entrance.

“You think I want to purify you? Make you into a traditional woman with morals and values?” I laugh. “Tell me, Violet: why would I do that?”

Her hips twitch forward, desperate for my cock to make her forget her thoughts. Hovering over her, teasing her with the potential penetration, her escape—my glorious cock—is close, yet so far away. I hold still, not giving her what she wants.

“The world is impure,” I say. “Our fellow citizens are doomed. By becoming my perfectly trained, brainless toy, I *am* saving you from your worries. Your sole purpose will be to please me, and *that* will be your salvation. You will transform from a woman with ideas and concerns into my empty-headed, disgusting, *obedient* cunt.”

Finally, I thrust my cock inside her. Her pussy swallows me so easily, heat prickles down my legs. A full-body shudder pounds through her, my

pubic hair teasing her clit. Tears continue to drench her. A smile stretches across my lips.

“Why are you doing this?” She shivers. “Please, Daddy—”

“The only way to be saved, to be fixed, to *heal* is to fully accept yourself. You need this.”

She rams her hips toward me, close to orgasm. The dumb cunt is so easy, it’s laughable.

“Now, be a good fuck toy and cum for me,” I say. “You don’t want to disappoint me, do you?”

I reach down between us and pinch her clit; her body convulses, a moan bursting from her throat. I fuck her pussy as hard as I can, hurting her with my cock. She sobs, but her orgasm is strong. Like a beast being slayed, she moans with defeat, falling over into nothingness.

I take my cock, my *sword*, from the beast’s womb. I kneel over her surrendered form, my cock inches from her face, and I stroke myself.

“Such a fucked-up little bitch,” I murmur.

She mewls, and that sad noise pushes me over too. I shoot white ropes of cum over her cheeks and mouth. She closes her eyes.

“This is torture,” she whispers.

Amusement swallows me, and I shake with laughter. In the normal world, treatment like this would never be tolerated at any sort of clinic, hospital, or asylum. There are protocols to help patients manage their daily lives, and doctors address their patients like equals; mainstream society strives for that sort of equality. In comparison, the world outside of this asylum is a utopia.

The Ambrose Asylum exists on a different axis though, where no one dares enter, not unless they want to disappear. There are so many acts of cruelty and violence within these walls, and yet my sweet one is hardly beginning to understand the extent of my power. To call tonight torture is

humorous. Forcing her to eat my ass and take my cock is merely the beginning.

I step out of the cage, close the lid, then lock it again. Violet's jaw drops, no doubt disturbed by the distance between us.

This is where she will remain every night until she finishes her stay at the asylum.

I reach through the bars and lift her chin. A drop of my semen wets my finger.

"This isn't torture, sweet one," I say. "I'm saving you from yourself. This is a form of humanity."

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Chapter 21

Violet

An object scrapes my throat; it's sharp.

Is it plastic? Some sort of tool?

I open my eyes, and the fluorescent lights sear my pupils. I squint. It's so damn bright.

Is it morning?

Glasses come into focus. Then black hair.

The assistant.

A thin funneled neck dips between the bars of the cage, then penetrates my lips. I gag on the tip, and the assistant adjusts the angle.

Dr. Ambrose sent his assistant.

Am I disappointed?

I am. I hate it, but I am.

"The results for your paternity test was 99.99997 percent," the assistant says. "Dr. Ambrose is definitely your father. Swallow quickly now."

Over ninety-nine percent?

The assistant shoves the funnel deeper. The plastic opening scratches my throat, which is still sore from Dr. Ambrose's cock. The assistant rubs his lips together as he studies the large opening of the funnel.

"The doctor won't like it if you waste your nutrition," he says.

Sludge gloops out of the tube and clogs my throat. It's bland and vaguely sweet, like powdered milk and blended oatmeal mixed with dirty dishwater. I choke, and the funnel drops to the floor, the contents splattering the bars of the cage.

My eyes sting. I don't know if it's from fear, the confirmation of my paternity, or the fact that I'm being force-fed by my father's assistant and *not* my father.

I'm lost.

The assistant sighs, then picks up the funnel. It stabs my cheek, and the assistant grins down at me, an erection tenting his pants.

"The doctor has forbidden me from using you, but trust me, your feeding can become very painful," he warns.

I don't want *him* to feed or hurt me. I just want to get this over with.

I close my eyes and open my mouth. The funnel snakes between my teeth again, then the shake fills me. I swallow the sludge; I try not to think of what I'm eating. Instead, I imagine myself in another place. I'm not here, being forced to drink some sort of nutritional shake. I'm back in my apartment with Benji, watching a crappy sitcom.

Then the vision changes: Dr. Ambrose's hand cups my chin as he pisses in my mouth.

The assistant smacks the side of the funnel, letting the last drop fall onto my tongue. I gulp it down.

"Good," he says.

I grimace, and my pussy contracts at the small word of approval. I huff through my nostrils; I wish it came from Dr. Ambrose.

The assistant removes the funnel then stares at me. His vacant gaze causes my skin to itch.

I shrink inside of myself. Whatever the shake is, part of it is drying on my cheek, creating a plaster-like layer. There's also spit, tears, and sweat matted to my face from last night. I must look awful.

“The first week or so will be revolting and painful,” he says. “After your body becomes accustomed to it, it won’t be as bad.”

“Accustomed to what?” I ask. “Are you talking about my training here?”

The assistant exits the room.

“Hey!” I shout. I attempt to sit upright; my forehead knocks into the bars of the cage. My head rings, causing an ear-splitting headache. “Come back!”

No one answers my call.

A few minutes pass. I twist my head to see my surroundings; I’m fenced in by patchy white walls. When I finally get a good angled view out the window, all I can see is the gray, cloud-covered sky.

Fists against skin echo down the hallway. A guard yells. In the distance, there’s the faint bell of someone crying. My flesh pimples; I’m not the only one being tortured here.

The Ambrose Asylum is a living nightmare.

A sharp pain curls in my lower stomach. My gut convulses.

I’m going to shit myself.

The pressure intensifies in my intestines, my muscles throbbing. I bite my cheek. What in the world did the assistant feed me? They’ll have to let me out of this cage for the bathroom.

Won’t they?

“Hey,” I shout. “I need to go to the bathroom. Could someone tell a guard?”

A twist of pain cuts through me. I clamp my teeth, sweat forming on my brow. I clench my butt cheeks together; the pressure mounts, growing in my intestines. My asshole puckers, and my stomach gurgles.

“Please!” I scream.

I’m drenched in sweat. Did the assistant *want* me to shit myself?

“Guards!” I shout. “I need to use the bathroom!”

The throbbing pain pulps my insides. My asshole pulsates; I *need* relief. I thrust my hips forward, trying to keep it inside.

“I have to pee,” I yell. Everyone has bowel movements, but I can’t shout that. It’s too embarrassing. “Please!”

An older patient in a thin hospital gown appears in my periphery.

“They’re not coming,” she says.

“Please, help me,” I beg. I want to see her, but I don’t want to put any more pressure on my body, so I stay frozen in place. “Could you get someone for me?”

“They won’t help you. Not for anything.”

I bite my lip. My intestines churn, pushing the feces toward my rectum. I can’t let it go. Not here. Not now. Not when my ankles and wrists are bound inside of a cage, not when I can’t sit up straight. Not when I can’t even wipe myself.

If I shit right here, it’ll drip through the bars and leave a mess on the floor.

Why would Dr. Ambrose do this to me?

I want to scream, to kill the assistant for not even giving me the decency to shit in a toilet, and to punch Dr. Ambrose for telling his assistant to feed me that stupid shake. My nerves twist, and sweat drips off of my face. My guts cramp; pain wrenches inside of me.

But I can’t hold it back anymore.

Liquid shit sloshes between my ass cheeks and sprays the floor in a steady stream. It keeps going. There’s so much shit, I’m convinced I’ve somehow shit out my organs too.

The stench of rotting food envelops me in its claustrophobic aroma. It reminds me of vomit after a night of drinking or the city dump on a summer day. It’s suffocating.

I retch, my entire torso convulsing, my forehead smacking into the cage bars. Vomit erupts from my mouth and dribbles over my cheeks and neck. It

hurts so bad, but I can't stop it. I keep vomiting until each convulsion is dry.

My stomach and intestines are completely empty now.

The urge to pee tingles my lower abdomen. This time, I don't even try to stop it. I'm naked, cold, and there's semen, spit, shit, and vomit caked to different parts of my body; urine doesn't seem *that* bad.

My piss is warm and almost comforting. I cross my fingers it washes away some of the shit.

Tears burn my eyes; I don't let them fall. It's embarrassing to be humiliated like this, but it's not like I had a choice. I was force-fed some sort of nutritional shake that was probably laced with a laxative and a hydration boost. There's nothing I could have done to stop myself from having an accident.

You could have run away, my brain reminds me. *You could have gone with Benji. You could have—*

I stop the thoughts before they become too much.

The first week or so will be revolting and painful, the assistant had said. Maybe he meant the odor? *After your body becomes accustomed to it, it won't be as bad.* I guess he meant once the rest of my normal diet is out of my system, my shit won't smell as bad?

"Great. Something to look forward to," I mutter. Is this an anal sex thing to clear out my ass for Dr. Ambrose?

My instincts tell me it's more than that. It must have to do with controlling everything about me, even my nutrition.

I shiver; it's like my toes and fingers are made of ice. I don't care if I'm naked, but I *hate* being cold. I want him.

His heat.

Tears soak my face. Snot fills my nose. I hate admitting it, but it's true. I want his heat.

Is this what he did to my mother? Force her to eat laxative-dosed nutritional shakes and wake her up in the middle of the night to eat his ass?

If I had known this would happen, would I still want to come here?

I'm tired, so fucking tired of these thoughts, of fighting with myself. Even if I had known everything about Dr. Ambrose before all of this, I know I still would have come here. I had to do this for myself.

Footsteps tap the floor. My forehead bumps the metal bars. I open my eyes.

The overhead lights are dimmer now. I must've briefly fallen asleep.

Dr. Ambrose steps forward. He looks down his curved nose.

"I see you've taken to your new confinement," he says.

Every hair on my neck and arms stands. His scrutiny washes over me, his cock stretching his black pants.

I want so badly for him to touch me, my body aches.

"I-I couldn't—" I stammer. I'm a child again, begging my foster parents not to lock me in my bedroom for making a mess. "I couldn't—"

"Shhh," Dr. Ambrose murmurs, hushing me as he sits on top of the cage. The metal creaks. He reaches between the bars and brushes my nipple with his thumb. "You couldn't help it; I made sure of that. Once you've accepted yourself, I will give you back the privilege of relieving yourself with dignity. Perhaps a diaper will do."

I shudder. A diaper?

"I'm an adult," I whisper.

"Oh, sweetness, plenty of adults use diapers. You may be an adult legally and biologically, but you're not a *true* adult, are you? You can't be when you're such a filthy cunt." His knuckles stroke my teary cheeks. "Soon, your only worry will be whether or not you can make me cum. All of your anxieties, all of your worries, even relieving your bowels, won't matter. Won't that be nice?"

He lifts from the cage, and that's when I notice the lamp in his other hand. A long cord dangles behind it; it must be plugged into an outlet outside of the room.

Why is he carrying a lamp with him?

“Are you ready for your next lesson, love?” he asks.

My heart stops. I pull against the restraints, soreness biting my muscles. I’ve physically exerted myself harder than I ever have since entering the asylum, and it’s only going to get worse.

Dr. Ambrose unlocks the cage, then sets the lamp on the floor next to him, seemingly unconcerned with the mess on the floor.

He smiles. “Now, sweet one, let me clean you with my tongue.”

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Chapter 22

Violet

Clean me with his tongue?

My cheeks blaze. I need a shower before I do *anything* sexual. I might be restrained in a crib cage, covered in shit, spit, and vomit right now, but I still have my standards.

My blood boils. Panic pushes me under.

What the fuck am I going to do?

"You can't!" I shake my head. "Please. I need a bathroom—"

Dr. Ambrose's lips suction to my nipple, his hot, rough tongue swirling over my areola, tickling me. I gnaw on my inner cheek and close my eyes.

"Please," I whisper.

His tongue lathers and relaxes me.

He's my father, but he didn't raise me. This is just—

His lips move lower, leaving a trail of saliva along my skin until he reaches my clit. His warm muscle circles my bundle of nerves, and a flash of pleasure dances through me.

I thrust my hips. I need more of his tongue.

"Please," I cry. "I haven't cleaned myself yet—"

"I can tell. You're simply acrid." He smacks his lips. "The piss dried on your cunt hole…"

He lowers his mouth again, suctioning to my folds and stretching the flaps with his teeth.

I can’t help it: I moan.

“Disgusting creature,” he says as he shoves two fingers in my pussy. My body molds around him. He grins. “Lying in your own filth, and you’re still getting wet?”

“Please,” I cry.

He rubs himself with his free hand and raises a brow. Then, while keeping his gaze cast between my legs, he unlocks my ankle restraints.

“Don’t worry, love,” he says. “I’ll lick your ass clean too.”

Before I can say another word, he scoops up my hips and tongues my asshole, the wet, fat muscle skimming over the clumps of shit. I twitch and gag; Dr. Ambrose digs his nails deeper into my flesh; the pain keeps me still.

His eyes lock on mine. A brown chunk sits between his teeth. His tongue flicks over the lump; it disappears. His throat bobs.

He actually swallowed my shit. How is it my literal shit won’t stop him from taking me?

“Now, beg me to fuck you,” he growls.

I scrunch my eyes shut. I hate this, and yet my pussy pulses, needing to be filled again. Needing *him.*

And he needs me.

“Please,” I try. I keep my eyes closed, not wanting to accept this completely. “Please, I can’t—”

“You had so much fight. *Had,* that is.” He chuckles. “All it took was a few restraints and forced uncleanliness, and now you’re willing to play nice. Look! You even have your legs free, and you won’t use them to hurt me. You could never hurt your father *now.* Isn’t that right, sweet one?”

He bends down until we’re inches apart. My vision burns with the scent of his molten breath: sulphur, mold, and rotting fruit.

But I still want his cock in me.

“Please,” I whisper. I’m drowning.

He scowls down at me. “You can beg better than that.”

My pussy constricts. The words tumble out.

“Please fuck me, Daddy,” I shout. “Fuck your slutty little girl.”

“Ah,” he croons. “I like when you call me by my familial title, but you’re not a little girl, are you? Let’s fix that.” He winks. “Change it to ‘freak,’ then say it again for me.”

I press my lips together, gathering strength. I hate that word so much that it makes me see red.

But I’m powerless right now.

The poison. I forgot about the poison pills. He took my clothes; did he keep the pills? Is there still a chance to kill him?

Strength swells inside my chest. I just need to get through this.

“Please. Fuck me, Daddy,” I whisper. “Fuck your slutty daughter.”

His fingers brush my folds. “That’s not what I ordered you to say, is it?”

I grimace. *Fine.* “Fuck your slutty freak.”

“Not yet.”

My shoulders deflate, disappointment blubbering in my throat. He made me say those awful words, and he’s *not* going to give me what I want?

“You’re sopping cunt needs to learn delayed gratification,” he says. “And besides, your holes are covered in feces right now. You don’t want Daddy getting your shit on his cock, do you?”

“You just—” I can’t even say it out loud. “You just licked my—”

Three fingers stab into my pussy. I gasp. As he fingers me, he reaches his thumb to my clit. My limbs quiver, and my vision blurs. I’m sore, but it feels good, and I don’t know what to do. How much more of this can I take?

“What a useless woman. Good for nothing unless you’re being used,” he says.

I weep. His fingers jab my insides. I writhe, but he forces my clit to endure his rapid touch.

“Today’s lesson is a unique one,” he says. “Today, you will learn how to endure my mark.”

I thrust my hips forward. He spits on my pussy, his saliva dripping into my hole.

“Disgusting freak,” he snarls.

My nipples pebble. His tongue flicks over his bottom lip. He’s the most vile man I’ve met, and yet I *want* him to use me. It’s the only thing that will erase my thoughts.

“Please, Daddy,” I cry. “Clean me now, then fuck me. I need your cock—”

He stands, removing his hands from my pussy and clit. I’m throbbing and empty. My heart bursts. I might die right now.

He unzips his trousers and holds his length.

I spread my knees as far as they’ll go, the cage bars digging into my kneecaps. He spits on his cock, lubing it up. But my pussy is drenched. He doesn’t need to lubricate his cock.

Which means he’s putting his cock somewhere else.

“No!” Panic floods me. I kick my feet. “Please don’t—”

He smacks my legs down, then mounts the cage.

“I can use whatever fucking hole I want,” he rasps. “And right now, I want your nasty shit-covered asshole.”

His cock pushes against my bottom hole, and in one strong thrust, he impales me. I’m shredded apart. Coals ravage me, and I become an inferno.

Dr. Ambrose covers me, his pock-marked, burned face next to mine. His body rubs my clit. The biggest burn on his cheek wrinkles as his mouth twists in pleasure.

Pleasure from my ass.

From me.

I gave him pleasure.

“There she is,” he murmurs. “A good trash doll taking my cock up her ass.” He presses his lips against my ear. “Your mother would be so disappointed in you. At least *she* resisted my advances on her asshole, but you”—he thrusts, his cock coaxing me, practically turning me inside out—“*you*, my stupid freak, you are so much more of a slut than her. You *like* being used. You like knowing you could be covered in every fluid imaginable, and I still want to use your worthless fuck holes.”

Logic rails inside of me. “Worthless?” I pant. “If you’re using me, then I’m *not* worthless!”

He stops his hips, and his tongue flickers over his bottom lip. A smile brightens his face.

“You’re right,” he says. “Damn it. You are absolutely right. Your entire purpose is being my fuck-hole of a daughter. Is that what you want to hear? Is *that* what makes you worthy?”

He yanks himself from my ass, and my back hole gapes. My mouth drops open.

I didn’t get to cum.

“D-Dr. Ambrose,” I stutter. “Daddy—”

He lifts the lamp from the floor. The fabric shade glows a dull red, masking most of the light.

“These lightbulbs are of an older variety,” he says, marveling at the fixture. “Our facility has gone through several renovations over the years; I personally prefer these bulbs. They burn hotter than recommended and are often the cause of fires.”

My body clenches, and my mouth runs dry. Numbness fills my pussy.

“What are you going to do with that?” I croak. *Do I want to know?*

“I want you to experience pain like I do, sweet one,” he says. “I want to mark you in the same way I’m marked.”

I glance at his cock. A thin greenish-brown mucus covers the wound on the tip, and the white scars patch his purple cock.

That's when it dawns on me.

He's used the lightbulb to burn his cock.

He's going to brand me with it.

"No!" I scream. "Daddy, don't—"

With one hand gripped around the lamp, he rams his other fingers inside of my pussy and ass, and my mouth drops open in a silent scream. His cock hangs between his legs, the purple veins so full, they might pop.

He removes his fingers from me, then balances the lamp on the corner of the cage.

I can't think.

None of this feels real.

Is he really going to burn me?

He *will*. And that means we'll be closer. We'll be the same.

No. No. No!

I howl. He untwists the lightbulb, his fingers undisturbed by the heat.

The lamp crashes to the floor.

"Take it, you stupid cunt," he says.

The lightbulb presses to my clit, and my skin sizzles at the contact. The pain is a blinding light. The air is ripped from my lungs until everything fades. My gut twists, my body collapsing on itself. I can't breathe. I can't think. I can't do anything.

I am pure pain.

Fingers penetrate my pussy and ass as burning glass rocks across my aching clit. I'm forced back into my body. I gasp.

Dr. Ambrose growls as he fingers me. "Cum for me, you little bitch."

And I do. I cum so hard, I choke on air. Tears rush down my face, my clit throbs, and everything inside of me hurts and burns and feels good, and I don't know who I am or what I want anymore.

Eventually, I ease down to earth.

My staggered breathing returns to a steady rhythm. I tremble, my bottom lip quivering and tears painting my cheeks.

“Why are you crying, sweet one?” Dr. Ambrose murmurs. He drags his damp fingertips across my lips. “Is it because you want Daddy to cum for you too?”

A cry tears through me. Dr. Ambrose laughs and raises the lightbulb in the air.

A thin film of my musky need streaks the glass.

He clutches it in his hand, tightening his fist until the bulb shatters. Tiny glass shards and drops of blood explode across the room.

He picks up a piece of glass from the floor, then brings it to my clit. He pokes me with the jagged edge.

“Please,” I cry. It’s the only word I can think of. I don’t know if I’m begging him *to* do it or begging him *not* to do it; I just need him right now.

“You are so much easier to train than I first expected,” he says. “It’s a pity. Your mother was more stubborn. It’s a shame your training time will pass quickly.”

He strokes his cock, his length wet with my ass mucus. His fingers push the glass forward, the sharp edge digging into my clit.

Pain surges through me. My pussy is already on edge.

“You’re going to cum again, aren’t you?” He laughs. “Such an obedient whore, ready to cum for Daddy at a moment’s notice.”

I’m too empty-headed. Why is it so easy for him to make me cum? What does it mean?

I sob. “Please. Please. I need—”

He palms his cock with one hand and cups my pussy with the other, the shard between us. As I hump his palm, there’s enough friction—the glass and his rough hand—that I’m there, jumping off into nothingness. He throws the glass, mounts the cage again, spits into his palm, and angles his

cock into my back hole. I wail. He should reject me. He should push me away. He shouldn't want anything to do with a disgusting freak like me.

But he *wants* me.

He cums, and my entire body convulses with him. Relief swallows me whole. I let it all out. Each breath dissolves into a shudder.

He pulls out of me, then slams the cage closed. The lock echoes through the room.

He's leaving already?

Fuck!

"Please," I sob. "Don't leave. Please—"

He winks. "No matter how hard you beg, you'll have to wait until I'm ready to use you again."

As he exits the room, semen dribbles out of my asshole. I try to comfort myself, and I end up repeating the same lines over and over again to myself.

I made him cum.

I made him cum.

I made him cum.

I did well.

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Chapter 23

Violet

In the beginning, my training period is like that first day on repeat: shake, shits, then fucking.

When Dr. Ambrose isn't occupied with other patients, he visits my cage to force painful orgasms out of me. Sometimes, he'll cum inside of me, letting his semen drip out of me and onto the floor where it mixes with my piss and shit.

He calls it intellectual training; I call it getting to know my father.

The overhead lights tell me when another day has passed; they go on and off at regular intervals. It's hard to see out the window from my position in the cage. Sometimes though, if I angle myself just right, I can use the view outside to tell the time too. A cloudy sky. A starless night.

Every day, I'm locked in restraints for twenty-three hours.

"It's because he cares about me," I mumble to myself. "It's for my own good. He knows what's best for me."

The lie helps me get through the day.

Each afternoon, I'm given the opportunity to shower. It's like a punishment: a silent nurse uses a pressure washer to scrub me until my skin is raw. The only nice thing about it is someone cleans the floor of my room while I'm being washed.

No one speaks to me anymore. Not even the assistant. The only person who talks to me is Dr. Ambrose.

Time continues like this, until one day, the rhythmic clack of his boots on the tile signals his arrival, and instantly, shivers rake across my spine.

Am I looking forward to seeing him?

I am.

I angle my neck, desperate to see him, and I keep my head lower than the bars. I knocked my forehead into the cage so many times during the first few weeks that for a while, I had a bruise that refused to heal.

Now, I know better.

“My sweetest one,” he says with a wide smile. “You’ve been so patient while you wait for me.”

With those words, I know I’ll feel his body soon. His warmth. His embrace.

The weeks stretch on like that. A month. Then another. Sometimes, during those hours when I’m alone, I repeat my name over and over again, reminding myself even if I can’t avenge my mother right now, even if I haven’t done anything to hurt Dr. Ambrose, even if I can’t control what happens to my body anymore, I still have me.

“Violet,” I repeat. “Violet, Violet, Violet…”

The name melts until it has less meaning, and I’m smaller. Smaller than a person. Smaller than a chair. Smaller than an empty bird’s cage. Even a doll gets a name, but I’m not sure if holding onto my name is good for me anymore. My future is in Dr. Ambrose’s hands.

The poison pills are still out there though.

“Your name has no value here,” Dr. Ambrose says, breaking into my thoughts.

I flinch, careful not to hit my head on the cage bars. Why didn’t I hear him approach? Where is my head?

The words scratch my throat: “How long have you been standing there?”

“Even when you can’t see me, I’m always here with you in spirit, sweet one. I’ll never let you out of my sight again. You know that.”

My skin pebbles, a chill whipping across my body even as a smoldering fire blazes inside of me. It’s a *promise.* My mother died. My foster parents abandoned me. My ex dumped me. Benji let me return here knowing I may die.

But Dr. Ambrose is still here.

And I’ll get him one day, I think. *The poison pills are with my clothes somewhere, and if I can’t use those, then I’ll find another way to end this. I won’t give him everything. I still have myself.*

The thoughts of justice are different now though, like a cloud dispersing into thin air.

“Violet,” I whisper, but it’s all wrong.

Dr. Ambrose’s upper lip curls, his bulbous nose pointed down at me.

“We need to give you a new name. A permanent one. Then again, this won’t be a proper name with capital letters; you’re just a thing, and things don’t deserve *real* nicknames. This is more of a title, isn’t it? An informal one, at that.” He circles the cage and taps his chin. “Shall we call you ‘slut’?”

My breath hitches. I actually like when he calls me that.

Dr. Ambrose wrinkles his nose. “You are quite the greedy cock slut, but it doesn’t quite *fit.*” He cracks his neck. “What about ‘sweet one’?”

I *need* that hint of praise. “Yes. I like that one.”

He chuckles. “I’m afraid it won’t do, then. If you *like* your new title, then you won’t fully transform into your truest self. In fact, it shouldn’t be about you or what you want at all. There is no agency in you anymore.” He licks his lips. “What about ‘my disgusting little freak’?”

I wait for the rage to take over every muscle in my body; nothing happens. I can't summon the anger to fight back.

But somehow, I manage to bare my teeth.

"Not that one." I shake my head, but my voice grows softer: "Please, Daddy."

"Ah! Delightful!" He laughs, the sound cutting deep into my chest. "You are henceforth no longer known as Violet Ward, but as my disgusting little freak."

My eyes sting, but the tears don't come. Protesting is no use. Dr. Ambrose controls everything in my life; why wouldn't he take away my name too?

There's something about being called *his* freak that means something to me. It means I have a home. A place I belong. Forever.

I can't accept it though, right? I can't give up my name too.

Can I?

"Violet, Violet, Violet," I repeat quietly.

"No. Not Violet. Repeat your new title back to me," he says in a calming voice meant to coax me into a dreamless sleep. "Just like you were doing before I walked in. Instead of your birth name, repeat your *true* title: freak, freak, freak."

I scrunch my eyelids together as hard as I can. I'm still here. I'm still present inside of my body. I can do what he wants and remember who I really am.

"Say it, now." He hovers over me. "Be a good girl and say your real title for me."

My chest burns. I can do this. I can resist him.

"No," I whisper.

He stands abruptly. My heart lurches to the bottom of my stomach.

Panic rises in my throat. "Dr. Ambrose?"

"Daddy," he corrects in a curt tone.

My entire world drops, a razor blade slicing me open. Is he disappointed in me? Did I upset him?

Why do I care?

“I’ll even accept ‘Father.’” He sneers. “Perhaps you think I’m *unworthy* to be even that to you.”

Weakness floods my veins. “Daddy,” I say. “Daddy, I’ll be your freak—”

“No, darling. You won’t *be* a freak. You *are* my freak. And until you accept that, I can’t waste my time on you.”

My vision blurs with tears. Before I can say another word, the cage is closed and locked.

I cry so hard, I hyperventilate. He killed my mother, *and* he’s my father. But the thought of being strapped inside of this cage waiting for my next interaction with him is unbearable.

I scream for him until my voice grows hoarse. I don’t want him to leave.

But I’m alone again.

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Chapter 24

Dr. Ambrose

In my absence, the freak grows restless. With each passing day, the amount she talks to herself increases. Isolation will do that to a person, especially when the lack of contact is a consequence of their actions. The guilt becomes suffocating.

It is important to completely deprive her of human communication so she begins to relinquish her idea of the self.

It will also force her to completely rely on me.

On the third day of isolation, I watch the surveillance footage as Oliver inserts the funnel between the cage bars. Before it can enter her mouth, the freak turns her head. The plastic neck jabs her cheek.

Please, she shouts. *Tell the doctor—* She stops momentarily, clenching her teeth, then tries again. *Tell Daddy to come back. I've learned my lesson. I'm his freak!*

Oliver remains stoic and adjusts the funnel. He is under strict instructions to ignore her, and of course, he is completely obedient to me. In his mind, she's nothing more than a lab rat to feed.

The funnel rests on her turned cheek. Oliver raises the pitcher. The freak grunts.

Listen, damn it! she yells. *Please! Tell him—*

The nutritional shake slops through the funnel, dripping off of her face and onto the floor. The freak frantically angles so some of it gets in her mouth. She must understand this is the only chance to be fed.

Oliver hits the end of the pitcher; the last gloop plops into the funnel. The freak swallows it down, and Oliver leaves.

Damn it! the freak wails.

I chuckle to myself. She knows it's pointless, and yet she is so desperate that she's willing to try *anything*, even begging Oliver.

I adjust my cock in my pants. While I understand this distance is an important part of the process, my hunger for her grows each day.

Finally, after a full week has passed, I return to the freak's room. I place a rolling stool next to her cage, then sit down and look at her: a doctor ready to examine his patient's progress.

Violet's dark eyes swell with relieved tears, and her lips spread into a smile. She swallows repeatedly. I'll have to add more hydration to her daily maintenance.

"Are you ready to try again, my love?" I ask.

She bobs her head vigorously. "Yes, Daddy."

Warmth tickles my groin, and my jaw ticks with lust. "Good."

I open the crib cage. Her lips part, her tongue flicking across the bottom lip, and the subtle scent of her arousal wafts through the air. I haven't even touched her cunt, and the bitch is already wet for me.

"You want my cock, don't you?" I say. "You want me inside of you, filling up your nasty twat."

"Yes, Daddy. Please. Touch me."

"I won't fuck your pussy. Not until you've proven you're a good girl for me," I say. "Now, say you're a freak and make me believe it. Do not cum until I give you permission."

I insert two fingers, curling toward her tender spot. Her sopping velvet walls cinch around me, and the freak squirms, her muscles contracting.

With my other hand, I massage her clit. She bites her bottom lip, already stifling her moans.

“I’m a freak,” she cries.

The words are beautiful, like a sad song from a dove.

But I want her anguish.

I pinch her bundle of nerves. “Do you know how hard you make me?” She whimpers, and I scrape my fingernails across her clit. She twitches. I click my teeth. “Are you truly that desperate, you’ll do anything to fuck me?”

“I’m a freak,” she murmurs. Her body climbs toward arousal’s edge. “I’m your freak.”

That small change from *a* freak to *my* freak splices through me.

“Then tell me, sweet one,” I whisper. “If you are my freak, what is your true title?”

“My title—” she stammers, so close to that release.

“Say it for me,” I encourage. “Embrace your true self. What is the full title I gave you?”

Thoughts swirl behind her frantic pupils. I raise a brow. She could flip us in any direction right now: disobedience, submission, or even apathy.

With two fingers still inside of her, I lift my other hand from her clit and stroke my cock through my trousers.

Impatience bubbles in my chest. “Say your title now!”

She shouts: “My name is Violet Ward!”

My palm stops over the head of my cock. Her teeth snap, and panic flickers in her eyes. She’s not sure whether she made the right decision to defend her old self. Her panting fills the space between us.

A long sigh pushes out of me.

Her first night here, I thought she would be easy to mold. Now, I know I must train her for a longer time than expected then, which means more *conscious* fun with my favorite doll.

I remove my fingers from her cunt, stand, then shake my head, tutting under my breath.

“You were so close,” I say. “It’s not difficult to remember: you are my disgusting little freak.”

Sobs possess her frame. “Daddy, wait—”

I leave.

For another week, I wait. This time, once I’m sure she’s deep in a REM cycle, I open the top of the crib cage and stand at her bedside.

I push a strand of hair off of her forehead. Her closed eyelids flicker, and her nostrils flare. She’s completely vulnerable, and she has no idea I’m within arm’s reach.

Power floods my veins.

The week after that, I begin a new nightly routine. I open the cage lid and plunge a syringe full of a sedative into her neck. Those rapid eye movements stop.

I check her pulse through the bars of the crib cage; her heart is steady, but her mind is gone.

I remove my cock from my trousers and rub the tip against her puckered lips. Pain shoots down my spine, causing a full-body shudder. The head of my cock is sore and raw from my incessant picking at the infected wound.

But I’ve been waiting so long to use her again.

I angle my hips forward, pushing my length down her throat. She gags slightly; the sedation is too strong for her to do much else. Her warm flesh and sharp teeth encase my cock; a satisfied grin stretches across my lips. This is a preview of our future together when she transforms into my human doll.

“You feel so good right now,” I moan. “And you’ll feel even better once I change you completely.”

Cum spurts down her throat; she chokes; her esophagus squeezes me.

I exhale deeply, then remove my length from her mouth. I likely bruised the back of her throat, but the dumb cunt will never know I was inside of her. She'll continue her isolated punishment, and I'll keep fucking the unconscious slut's throat every night until she learns her *lesson* the hard way, until she learns how to truly please me by accepting her new role as my freak.

I stand in the doorway. In the locked crib cage, her chest rises and falls. Even while I supposedly "teach" her how to please me, the truth is the freak *does* please me.

She has no idea how much I enjoy doing this to her.

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Chapter 25

Violet

Time passes. I don't know how much. Every morning, I wake up with a sore throat as if I've been crying in my sleep. Is it possible to sob while sleeping and *not* wake up? My dreams draw images of Dr. Ambrose in the room with me, his long cock like a funnel in my mouth, feeding me his cum. The nightly visions are a cruel joke of his caress.

One day, a spider crawls in the corner of the room. It spins a web, careful with each thread, weaving its trap, its *home*.

I remember reading somewhere female spiders are more likely to make webs. This one is probably a female, then.

She becomes my entertainment. It's the only relief I get from being lost in my own thoughts, in my obsession with Dr. Ambrose.

"You need a name," I say to the spider. It stays still, waiting for its next meal. "How about Violet?"

I sigh. "Violet" isn't the right name for a creature building a home *and* setting a trap. Not when every chance to kill the enemy slips through the threads.

"Alick?" I ask.

The spider shifts.

"Yes." I smile. "Alick is more fitting."

Hours become days. Days become weeks. Weeks become months. Time seems to melt, a mix of liquids without any distinct layers. I honestly don't know how much time has passed. Every once in a while, I see a blue sky through the window, hinting at the changing seasons, or during a shower, I sometimes catch a glimpse of my growing hair in a murky reflection.

A fly lands on the spider's web. She dances over to her prey. The fly wriggles, but it's stuck. Soon, the white threads wrap around the meal, securing it in place. The meal stops moving. It had an instinct, a will to survive. Now, it's food.

That night, the spider crawls across the web to eat its meal, sucking the blood out of the food. The predator consumed the object. Maybe the fly feels better now. It served a purpose.

The next morning, Dr. Ambrose—no, *Daddy*—returns.

My chest inflates, my lips fluttering.

"Now, tell me," he says. "Who am I speaking to?"

It reminds me of possession movies where the holy guide forces the demon to say its name. Tears well in my eyes. I want him to use me again so fucking badly.

"Freak," I whisper.

"And what is your full title, freak?"

My brain is filled with him, only him. In a way, I am possessed.

Daddy stares at me, the promise of a smile on his lips. A deep ache strains through my legs. My pulse beats rapidly.

I can be what he wants me to be. I *can* do this.

"Disgusting freak," I say.

Daddy claps triumphantly. Relief finally breaks through, and my tears stream down. I laugh, giddy with excitement. I *finally* did something right.

"Good girl," he says.

I spread my legs, thrusting my hips forward. "Please, Daddy. Fuck your—"

“I did promise you an orgasm, didn’t I?” He chuckles. “But there are a few more tests to be done before we can finally bring you home.”

We.

Home.

The words are a lighthouse in front of rocky cliffs. I swim and swim, reaching for them.

“Whatever you say,” I whisper.

A smirk prickles Daddy’s lips.

His contentment fills me with joy.

“You’re not just any disgusting freak, you know,” he murmurs. “You are *my* disgusting freak. And look how well you’ve taken to it.”

The air is pushed from my lungs. That single, possessive word glued to the front of my title makes it better.

I’m not any freak. I’m *his* freak.

And he’s proud of me.

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Chapter 26

Freak

"Let's move along now," Daddy says.

The cage hinges screech. Chills rattle over my skin. Using his finger, he tilts my head. Our eyes meet, and I blush.

Tender pink skin freckles his face; most of the acid burns are healed now, leaving behind scarred flesh. The largest burn is open; the center is white and damp, surrounded by an area of angry red flesh.

But Daddy always forgives me and takes me back. He accepts me for who I am.

He winks. "Do you want a chance to please me?"

I nod eagerly, and my clit throbs. It's like my insides are dancing for his pain, a performer being directed by a gun. My lips fall open, ready for his cock, the confirmation I'm worthy of his time. I need his cum more than I need to breathe.

He stills, scrutinizing me.

I need him to do something. To say something. To do *anything*. The thoughts come when it's silent. The thoughts tell me this is wrong. I'm not supposed to desire the man who killed my mother, and I'm definitely *not* supposed to desire my father. I'm not supposed to willingly please a man who keeps me in a cage.

I’m only doing this to survive. I just need to live long enough to do this. And I must do this.

I’m not even sure what *this* is anymore.

“Are you ready for your final test?” he asks.

I nod. A shiver jolts through me. There’s an odd comfort in relinquishing everything to him. And now, I don’t even have a legal name. My entire world revolves around him.

And now, my father finally wants me.

“Get dressed.” He unlocks my restraints, then throws a loose cotton dress on top of me. “We have business to take care of.”

My heart leaps in my throat. I sit up slowly, holding the dress up by one of the strings. Soreness spasms through my limbs, but I get dressed as quickly as I can. Being kept in the same position for most hours of the day has been bad for my muscles, but I need to prove myself to Daddy.

The promise of business—the potential of leaving the asylum *with* Daddy—excites and terrifies me. I don’t know why he wants me to go with him, but I’m ready to do whatever he wants.

I flatten my hands across the dress. It scratches against my skin. I’m not used to clothes anymore.

Did he keep my clothes? The pill container?

Would I even use the pills now?

This is my chance.

A flicker of doubt waves over me. Leaving the asylum gives the best chance to avenge my mother, and yet the potential seems so far away.

I shake my head. *I’m not just his freak. My name is also Violet. I have the poison. Once I find it, I’ll feed it to him. And if that doesn’t work, I’ll get another knife. A gun. I will get my father. I will finish this.*

Get him?

Finish what?

It’s like my mind can’t fathom the actual words anymore.

Outside of the facility, Daddy escorts me through the parking lot. Trees sway in the breeze, light pink flowers dust their branches, and their pungent, crisp floral perfume stings my nostrils. I sneeze. I've never been sensitive to the seasons; being indoors for so long must have changed me.

"It must be a lot to take in," Daddy says. He offers his hand, and I take it, letting him guide me. "You must be careful, my love."

I clench at those words. Sunlight warms my skin. As I glance around, I see regrowth, *rebirth.* Dandelions crowd the cracks in the cement, some yellow, some with white feathery seeds, and other buds completely closed up, flowers in different phases of their life cycle. One day, they'll all blow away, seeds carried in the wind to find a home in new soil.

It must be spring.

That means months have passed.

Daddy opens the door of a black sedan. He buckles me into the back seat.

As he drives the car, stale air filters into my nose, and sunlight flashes across the windows. For a split second, I see my reflection: my silhouette is dark, the inside empty and black. If I really studied myself in a mirror, would I recognize myself anymore? Am I really Violet?

Or am I just his freak?

The car idles outside of an apartment complex. I blink rapidly at the brown and white building. I can't place it. Have I been here before?

"This used to be your home," Daddy explains. "You lived here with your boyfriend."

My boyfriend? "You?" I ask.

"No, sweet one. We will never be lovers. That would imply equality and exchange." He laughs. "This boyfriend was before you met me. He was named Benji."

The boy with the curly hair and the crooked nose. I lived here with him. How did I forget? It's like my brain can't grasp onto anything.

Benji was nice to me, wasn’t he? He said he loved me. That he’d do anything for me.

Then he left.

Did he really love me?

“Would you like to go inside?” Daddy asks. “See if your old boyfriend is still there, ready to take you back now that you’ve been properly trained?”

My jaw tightens. I try to process the offer. If Daddy is seriously asking, would I actually want to return to my old life?

Benji didn’t love me. He loved the *idea* of me. The shell of my existence. The promise of what I could be. He never loved who I was on the inside. He didn’t even come to save me.

He tolerated me.

Daddy’s cruel mouth twists into a smile. My stomach churns, truth blasting across my mind: Daddy doesn’t love me either, but he’s seen every dark part of me.

And Daddy will never leave.

“No,” I whisper.

Daddy silently drives the car again.

A minute later, we stop outside black-pointed gates. Weeds flower the cracks in the sidewalk, and bouquets dot the grass. Graves litter the enclosed space.

Blood rushes to my ears.

My mother. She’s here.

She *was* here.

She left.

Again.

Pain ricochets between my temples.

I can’t face my mother like this. Not anymore.

“Daddy, please,” I beg. “Not here.”

“Go see her grave,” he commands.

“No, please—”

He bolts, his movements jagged as he exits the car and rips the back door open.

My throat aches. I’m about to cry. “Please—”

“For fuck’s sake.” He yanks on my arms. “Get out and *look*.”

The world whirls around me as I stumble out. I don’t know why I resisted him. I should be good for him.

I *have* to be good.

I have to do this.

The grass is green now, and the blades are freshly trimmed. The groundskeeper must mow frequently now that it’s spring.

Grass covers her plot, and her tombstone is missing. Her grave was filled, then.

Another part of my life completely erased.

Tears slip down my cheeks. It’s better like this. If I don’t have a biological mother, then my obsession has been erased, replaced by a man who controls my entire being. Daddy *is* my god, my outlook, my ritual, my life.

I don’t need my mother anymore.

I swallow hard, keeping the sobs inside. I can barely remember my purpose, the reason I came to the Ambrose Asylum; it floats inside of me, broken apart by dark waves.

We drive again. The empty fields pass by.

My name is Violet, I tell myself. *And I’m going to get him.*

Get him? Who?

How?

An hour later, we park in front of an old, Victorian-style house with brown panels and dark gray trim. Black shutters cover the windows, and the house is angled, the entire front yard cast in shadow.

Dry, brittle grass covers the lawn. A withered rose garden stands lifeless next to the house. Each flower is a dry husk of what it once was.

Like me.

Daddy circles the car and opens the door. He offers his hand, both meant as a polite gesture and as an offering.

We must be at his home.

I take his hand. He leads me inside and through a hallway. The red rugs underneath our feet sink under our weight like they're bloated with water. The damp stench of mildew wafts between us; it reminds me of the faint moldy aroma that lingers on Daddy's skin.

He opens the door to a closed-off dining room with an oblong table. He points at a chair.

"Sit," he says.

I obey, then I stare at the wall.

I'm alone.

Alone.

Alone?

That means Daddy trusts me to behave.

I should behave.

I'm supposed to get him, right?

I should be searching for something. Was it medication? A weapon?

No. I should be searching for an escape.

I should—

The door opens. Daddy carries a tray with a steaming bowl. He places it in front of me.

The mild scent of salt floats up from the liquid. Chunks of gray meat dot the soup's surface, a leaf of cabbage limp underneath it. A spoon rests next to the bowl.

It's been forever since I've eaten actual food. Is this my test?

“Eat your dinner, now. You have a busy evening ahead of you,” Daddy says.

My chest expands. This isn’t a test at all.

He’s taking care of me.

I dip the spoon into the broth, then bring it close to my lips and blow on the steaming liquid. My skin warms under Daddy’s gaze, heated by his constant observation. The soup coats my tongue; it tastes like a cup of warm ocean water. Maybe it’s not bad. Maybe my taste buds have changed. Maybe the chalky, bland shakes at the asylum have completely ruined my palette.

I swallow the soup. The liquid heats my insides.

“Good,” he says.

Encouraged, I take another spoonful, this time with meat. It’s softer than I expected; the texture is similar to meat from canned soup.

Maybe that’s all this is: a can of soup. It’s not a test, nor is it a sign he wants to take care of me.

But I want to be good. I need to do what he says. I need to eat it.

I chew, then swallow. I’m not sure how my body will react to my first real food in months, but Daddy knows what’s best for me; I don’t need to worry about myself anymore.

Yes, you do, my brain screams. *You need to get him—*

I keep eating, drinking, and chewing while Daddy watches me. After the last spoonful, he takes me to another hallway lined with a red, stained runner rug with an opulent design. Underneath it, mold darkens the edges of the black carpet.

He leads me deeper into his house.

A stench seeps into my nose, its strength growing with each step: stale urine and mop water. White webbing weaves in the corners of the walls, and worm-like larvae creep across the white strands. Tiny black capsules,

shaped like tear drops, hang from the ceilings. Cocoons. They don’t have to worry about predators here.

A moth flutters past. Daddy smirks.

“Tell me, freak,” he says. Our footsteps thud on the floor, and he cups my hand, his warmth encapsulating me. “You declined to see your old boyfriend. You resisted visiting your mother’s grave. What’s changed?”

I grind my teeth, my bones quivering. *I’m supposed to get him*, I think. *I’m supposed to finish this.*

But what does that mean?

Someone—maybe my old boyfriend—once warned me I shouldn’t let this obsession control my life. Even back then, I knew that was right. An obsession like this could ruin me.

And it already has.

“I’m done,” I whisper. Power tumbles in my chest. I rasp: “I’m—I’m—”

Daddy squeezes my hand, reassuring me. “Take it slowly, then answer me.”

I square my shoulders and face him. My eyes burn. I keep my chin high, but I don’t let the tears fall. I have to say it.

“I’m done with her,” I say. “I don’t need her or my old boyfriend. I never did.”

“Then what do you need then, sweet one?”

You. You. You. It’s an instinct. My purpose.

I’m going to get you.

I’m going to end this.

But I want you.

I need you.

A smile creeps across Daddy’s lips. My nervous system freezes in place.

“You only require my approval now, don’t you?” he asks.

It’s like he can read the thoughts directly inside of me.

I relax my fists, then I nod so hard, my head hurts.

Daddy loosely places his hand on the door handle in front of us. “Then this final test won’t be difficult for you.”

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Chapter 27

Freak

My pulse thuds in my chest. The final test hasn't begun? *This* is the final test?

Daddy opens the door.

White walls. Disinfectant covering up decay wafts through the room. Several metal chairs with off-white cushions are spread throughout the space, and each one has a woman strapped to it with belts. IV bags are connected to their wrists.

Thick, gauzy diapers cover their genitals, leaving the rest of their bodies exposed. Their heads tilt at odd angles like they've fallen asleep sitting up.

Bile crowds the back of my throat. My limbs shake. Who are they? What are they doing here?

And what is he doing with *them?*

In the center of the room, a woman lies on a gurney. Her chest rises slowly, yet rhythmically, as if in a deep sleep. Gray hair threads through her harsh black strands, and a thin nose dots her face. Her eyelids are half-open, revealing the bottom half of dark irises.

My body flares, confusion and sorrow racing inside of me. My fingers curl, and the urge to hide in the fetal position dances in my chest. I spin around and search for the knowledge my thoughts—the conclusions I've come to—are completely wrong.

My eyes land on him.

Daddy's expression is stoic, cast down on me. Waiting.

I know what this is. I know who *she* is. But I need to hear the words from his mouth.

Otherwise, I won't believe myself.

"What is this?" I ask in a hoarse voice. "Who is she? And the rest of them?"

"You may be done with your mother, but this time, I'm giving her to you," he says icily.

My hands vibrate at my sides, and my shoulders are heavy, weighted down by the possibilities.

It can't be her. She's not my mother. I visited my mother's grave every day for years.

"That woman is breathing," I say. "My mother is dead."

"She's every bit as alive as you are." He gestures toward the bed like a teacher ushering his students to their next class. "Go on, my sweet one. Go see your mother."

I stare at my bare feet; dirt covers my ankles. I should've stayed in the cemetery and refused to move ever again.

But then Daddy would have been mad at me. And he would have carried me here. And if I don't do this—if I don't meet my mother—I'll make him angry, and that will crush me.

Suddenly, I'm kneeling by her bed. I swallow hard, then throw my hand on her shoulder.

She's warm. Alive.

She blinks.

But she doesn't move.

I used to dream of what it would be like if I had known my mother before she died. I used to cry myself to sleep because I knew there was

nothing I could do to go back in time and stop her from taking those drugs. Then I used to fantasize about killing the man who murdered her.

But she's here. He kept her.

Why did he keep her? Why does he *still* have her? Does he want her too?

Fire races through my blood vessels. I don't know what I'll do if I find out he's been using her body this entire time when he could have been using me.

I jerk her shoulders. "Mom!" I shout. "Wake up!"

Her eyelids flutter; her pupils are dilated and flat, a baby doll closing its eyes as it's laid down. She's not present in her own body.

"What happened?" I ask, my voice cracking. I whip around, facing Daddy. His lips perk at the corners. Confusion cooks my blood. "What did you do to her?"

"I've been experimenting with different forms of psychosurgery for decades now, and I've recently begun working with a computer scientist to transform a woman's awareness." He lifts his chin. "My assistant—Oliver, you know—has been such a helpful influence in making my dream a reality."

My brow furrows. I keep my hand on my mother's shoulder, hoping the physical contact will ground me, keeping me inside of my own mind.

I'm Violet. Violet. Violet.

"Your dream?" I ask.

"Back when I was working with your mother, I was alone in my research. I had been experimenting with different patients; if the paperwork said they were dead, then what did it matter if I accidentally killed them while trying to create my perfect toy? No one goes through the trouble of following any patient too closely at the Ambrose Asylum, even more so once I took over. Our patients rarely leave anyway."

Black dots spot my vision, and dread fills me with lead. If I hadn't cared, if I had stayed complacent, if I had accepted my mother's death from an overdose like a normal person—I wouldn't know my father botched a psychosurgery that made my mom permanently unconscious, but I'd still have my sense of self. I'd still be my own person.

My core, my ribs, my fucking heart hurts. She's alive. She's *here*. And if she was never in that grave, then that means she's been with Daddy, living in his house this entire time. He's been taking care of her and the other women in this room.

I will finish this.

I will get *him*.

"Over the years," he continues, "we've perfected a microchip capable of controlling different regions of the brain. You will have the latest version of the chip." He taps his temple. "You see, this next version of the microchip fully controls the motor cortex *and* Broca's area. The person will be able to move, but not without outside control. And speech?" He chuckles, and it's like a funeral bell echoing across an empty town. "You will never have to worry about losing your voice again. It will simply be nonexistent."

My breath is ragged in my chest. The white walls become a whirlwind sucking me down beneath the surface. What is he talking about? A microchip that controls different parts of the brain? He can't be serious.

Can he?

My knuckles whiten. "Y-you're going to make me like her? No. You can't."

As I step backward, a metal tray gleams in my periphery, next to my mother's head. There's a scalpel. A speculum. A circular, metal collar big enough to fit around a small neck. And there's a small orange container with a white top and a torn label. A pill bottle. *My* pill bottle.

The poison.

I can't force him to take the pills right now, but I can do *something*.

I lunge for the scalpel, accidentally cutting myself in the process. Adrenaline rushes through me, buzzing through my limbs. I adjust my hold on the bloodied blade.

“You won’t do *that* to me,” I warn.

He steps forward. I slice the blade through the air, but he clutches my wrist, stopping the motion instantly. My breathing stops. His nostrils flare as he tightens his grip on me. The blood pools in my hand, pressure building in my fingers as the edge of the blade cuts into my palm. Blood—my blood—drips on the floor.

“You don’t want to hurt me, sweet one,” he says.

The pain. It’s too much.

The scalpel clinks against the tile like coins in a jar.

And I sob.

“For fuck’s sake, you tried using a knife at the cemetery as well. Haven’t you learned?” Daddy snickers. “Using a knife doesn’t work for you.”

My pulse pounds in my temples, and my skin flushes. He lets go of my wrists, and I pull my hair, ripping out the strands.

“You *can’t* do this!” I scream.

“I can, and I will,” he says. Clamminess envelops me. I’m boiling and freezing at the same time. Clumps of hair fall to the floor, littering the bloody tile.

“Let me be clear, freak. I’m not going to turn you into her.” He uses a wet, bloody hand to move my chin, forcing me to meet his eyes. “I’m going to make you so much better. First though, you’re going to prove you’re loyal to me. You will prove you are no longer tied to her.”

My chin trembles. Loyal to him?

That means rejecting her.

Abandoning myself.

But I have to do this. I have to—

“How?” I whisper.

“You’re going to fuck her.”

Fuck her?

I shake my head violently, my brain scrambling with each thrust of my head. “Please, Daddy,” I beg. “No. Don’t make me. Don’t—”

He slaps me. I gasp. His hand snakes between us and under my dress, his fingernails biting into my clit.

I’m instantly wet.

It doesn’t matter what my mind wants. Any time he pinches, stabs, or hurts my clit in any way, my body immediately melts to him.

Fuck. Fuck. *Fuck!*

“Why don’t you start with something easy?” he murmurs. The pressure on my clit increases as he twists his hand. His fingers part my folds, skimming across my slippery skin. “Suck her nipples like you did before I took you away.”

Like I did when I was a baby? When I needed her milk? Was she like this back then? A person in a non-responsive state, being used as a food source for an infant?

The idea of doing that now, when I still have a choice? It—

Daddy fists my hair and shoves me. My mouth smashes to her breast.

“Suck her fucking tit,” he bellows.

I close my eyes. *I don’t have to do this.*

Do I have a choice?

I open my mouth and press my lips to her breast.

My tongue swirls around the nipple, and it hardens between my lips. Pleasure unfurls inside of me, spreading its petals and roots, digging into the earth of my soul. There’s nothing she can feed me, but his commands nourish me. It feels good to obey him. When he comes behind me and rubs my clit, I moan against her breast.

“The pathetic twat is finally drinking Mommy’s milk,” Daddy mutters. “Now, be a good cunt and fuck her face.”

My lips tremble.

I can’t.

I try to say the words. To remind myself of the mantra I’ve held onto, my only lifeline in a place where I’m doomed to disappear.

My name is Vi…

But I can’t finish the mantra. Why? *Why* can’t I finish the sentence? It’s like I can’t remind myself of who I was because everything has changed. Even if I say no, even if I resist, Daddy will force me to do these things, and he’ll condition me to like it.

And I *want* to obey him. I want to erase my loyalty to her. Won’t it be easier to forget those thoughts, the guilt, and the failure? To destroy the reasons why I started this in the first place? To belong to him and only him? To finally accept what forever means?

Maybe I can do something else first.

Maybe I can get *her* this time.

I grab the pill bottle from the tray and open it. The contents fall into my hands. Four small blue capsules, ones my boyfriend and I filled by hand with powdered poison.

I break the first pill open above her mouth. The white powder falls onto her tongue. My throat constricts. I could use the pills on Daddy *or* save them for myself—a way out of this fucked-up existence—but I open each pill, letting the powder fall like snow into her mouth, until all I have left are the empty blue shells and the orange container. Ghosts of a promise. Of hope. Of loss.

Living with Daddy like this for twenty-five years is enough of a punishment, I tell myself. *This is a mercy killing.*

“Why are you killing her instead of me, sweet one? Is it because you feel sorry for her?” Daddy laughs.

My blood runs cold. “I’m doing this to save her.”

He licks his lips, closing the distance between us.

“No, sweet one,” he says. “It’s not about her. It’s about *you*. You can’t stand the thought of sharing my attention with her any longer. If you could, you’d kill every single woman in this room.”

My chin quivers. I gulp hard and turn back to my mother. Her mouth is open, her tongue covered in powder.

Is Daddy right?

Maybe I don’t want to share Daddy’s attention anymore.

Maybe he *is* right.

Maybe—

I put my hand under her chin and close her mouth.

She coughs, rattling the gurney. I jump back.

“Mom?” Tears fill my eyes. “Mom?”

Daddy puts a small bucket of water in my hands, then he slams the narrow end of a funnel between her teeth.

Her body convulses. He keeps the funnel steady.

“Let’s do this the right way,” he says. “We need to end this once and for all.”

And Daddy knows best.

I pour the water into the funnel. She jerks so much, some of the liquid splashes onto the gurney and floor. I keep adding water. Once the bucket is empty, Daddy tosses the funnel, then pinches her nose and mouth shut, forcing her to swallow. Her body thrashes.

After a while, she stops.

My world spirals, and I’m surrounded by him. Only him.

It’s only us now.

Daddy holds my hips. “Now, fuck her face.”

This time, I don’t hesitate. I climb on top of the gurney and mount her head.

I could tell myself I'm only doing this to get the test over with, but my sole desire is to please Daddy. I burned him with acid. I hit him with the shower head. I cut him with the pocketknife.

But I gave her the poison. I *finished* this.

I rub my pussy across the face. The friction of the nose against my slit sends shivers down my spine, ecstasy barreling through me.

Daddy undresses: his lab coat, his dress shirt, his pants, his boxer briefs. The pink, inflamed scar, right above his heart, warms me. I gave him that wound in the cemetery; *I* marked him forever. It's bright red, like he's been picking at it to make a permanent scar. He grins at me, and the sallow bags under his eyes grow deeper, as if he's completely enraptured by what I'm doing. And I'm finally happy.

But then images flash in my mind:

Daddy sitting on my mother, just like he sat on me.

Daddy's fingers down her throat.

Daddy putting a long, thin instrument into the corner of her eye socket.

I hate that he hurt her.

I hate that he kept her all of these years.

Most of all, I hate that he could've been fucking her this entire time.

My fluids drip over the corpse's face, and it's like humping a lumpy pillow, bringing myself closer to the edge with pure friction.

Daddy reaches for me, offering his hand, a choice. For a split second, I wonder if I still have power, but the thought fades. Even if I wanted to, I can't disappoint him now.

I take his hand, and he helps guide me off of the gurney. He paws my breasts, my disheveled hair, my neck, my clit. His scent—mold and musk and so much heat—fills my brain, and I am solely his.

"This is your only purpose now," he murmurs. "You are a toy meant to please me."

I rub my clit, and pleasure inflates Daddy's shoulders. His tall, sinewy body curls around me like a chain binding me to a prison cell. He lifts me up, resting my ass on the gurney, and his veiny purple cock stabs my thighs, the pus-oozing tip wetting my skin.

"Do you still fuck her?" I whisper.

Joy sparkles in his dark eyes, his cock bobbing. He spins me around until my ass is against his crotch.

"Are you jealous, freak?" he asks as he pushes on my back, forcing me face down against the body. "I stopped fucking her years ago, shortly after you were born. I knew this day would come, and I wanted to be ready. I saved her for you."

I mold to his touch, his command, his complete and total will. Keeping her wasn't about her then; it was about *me.* He kept her for me so he could torture me. So he could teach me. So he could train me. So he could see exactly what I would do when I finally met her.

This isn't a test. It's a gift.

Fire smolders my ribs, and as my face rests against the corpse's stomach, the place where I grew from cells to an infant, I realize this—Daddy's influence—has always been at the core of who I am.

I am his freak.

Daddy's cock pushes inside of my pussy. I suck in, squeezing my muscles around him.

"That's it," he growls. His hands circle my neck, and cold metal cinches around me: the collar from the tray. "You're mine. *My* disgusting freak."

My mind detaches from my body. I watch my father fuck me over my mother's cooling corpse. Maybe it doesn't matter where I came from or whose blood runs through my veins. Maybe revenge and justice don't have meaning when you give your life to the man who wants you, who needs you. Maybe none of it matters, as long as you know where you belong.

Thoughts fall through me, every one of them laced with him, and as I return to my body, I realize I’ve found myself. I know who I am. I belong now.

My family is right here with me.

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Chapter 28

Dr. Ambrose

After we finish the freak's final test, I attach a metal leash to her collar. She crawls beside me, finding her place at my feet.

It's quite astonishing how well the freak takes to her new life. It must be comforting to embrace a lack of agency, to simply exist.

We travel up the stairs to my bedroom. I clip her leash to an o-ring installed on the floor beside my bed; I had it prepared for her about a year ago.

Then, I retire for the night. I sleep on the side of the bed closest to the freak. She doesn't ask for a pillow or a blanket; she folds her hands under her head and tucks her feet underneath her, her naked body positioned against the hard floors.

Collared and chained like this, she's one step closer to becoming my perfect doll, and that brings me peace.

I sleep well.

In the morning, I stand and stretch. The windows are shuttered from the inside, the smallest hints of light breaking through the wooden slats.

The freak perches on her feet, positioned like a dog waiting for my command. The collar fits her neck tightly, her small tits hang, and a slight bruise darkens her mons.

My dick twitches at the sight of her. I should feed us first, but I'm eager to begin the next phase of her transformation.

"Good morning, freak," I say. She wiggles on her haunches. I pat the top of her head. "I have a new task for you to demonstrate your dedication to me."

Her eyes widen, her pupils dilating. Then she settles back on her ankles, demonstrating her confidence in me. She's killed her own mother; how much worse can my demands get?

I stifle a laugh. It can always, *always* get worse.

I unlock the chain leash from the floor, then tug the freak to her feet. Using the leash, I lead her down the hallway to the stairs. At the top of the steps, I stop and link the chain around my knuckles, like bandages around a boxer's fists. Then I offer her my hand. She blinks, the only sign of her internal processing.

She takes my hand.

"We must be careful with these steps now," I explain. "After living for such a long time in the crib cage, you must be quite sore after yesterday's acclimation. Your muscles could give out at any moment, and we don't want my favorite toy to get ruined now."

She smiles. Perhaps she's grateful I'm caring for her…

If you can call it that.

As we descend, my brows raise. Perhaps I *am* caring for her. I am deeply invested in her more than any other specimen I've experimented on.

I lead us down the same first floor hallway as the night before until finally, we reach the door leading to my personal laboratory. Inside, there are seven diapered women, each sitting naked on medical chairs, similar to the ones used in a phlebotomist's clinic to draw blood. However, my furniture includes locking mechanisms and belts to keep the bodies upright and nutrient IVs administered in the women's bodies.

Can they truly be called *women*, though? Perhaps it would be more accurate to call them human females. I'm sure reputable doctors and civilians would prefer respect given to those in an unresponsive wakeful state; I've always been prone to thinking of my failed experiments as lower than that though. Once they entered my care, they were no longer humans who deserved respect; they were raw materials for my experiments. And eventually, they became *failed* experiments.

The freak is my best experiment yet.

She's lucky she's my obsession.

The freak's grip on my hand pulses, and her eyes wash over the white-tiled room, the same one she was in the evening before. Her mother lies limp on the table in the center. The warm, ripe scent of molding fruit mixes with the clinical staleness in the air.

Cleanliness isn't usually a priority of mine. However, a few months prior to the freak's arrival at the asylum, I began a tireless cleaning regimen in this laboratory in preparation for her final transformation.

Now isn't the time for that though.

I pull the freak by the chain to the nearest failure; a female in its early forties with black hair and pale skin. Though the specimen is a stark contrast from the freak's dyed blonde hair and tanned skin, the failure wasn't always like this. It had a similar complexion to the freak, and I even once dyed the hair blonde to force it to resemble her more.

Of course, the failure could *never* get close to being the freak. I despised the specimen for its inaccuracy and thus shaved its head.

That was years ago. Now, I fully accept the failure as it is. No one can come close to resembling my disgusting freak. I know that now.

"I selected this one shortly after your twentieth birthday," I explain.

I take the freak's hand and run it over the failure's shoulder. Goosebumps freckle the failure's skin; an automatic reaction even in its non-responsive state. The body *always* reacts. As I cup the freak's hand, my

groin stirs. Together, we massage the failure's breasts, the nipples no doubt hardening under the freak's palm.

The freak's skin flushes. Pressure expands my chest. Next to the failure, I'm strongly reminded that the freak is only in her twenty-fifth year. I am eager to watch her mature and evolve under my control. Age won't deter my insatiable desire for her; it will only make me want her *more.*

"This specimen was once as sun-kissed as you when you first entered the Ambrose Asylum," I say. "As your skin is beginning to show, and like the failure's skin demonstrates, a lack of sunlight will diminish any evidence of sun worship."

The freak scans the failure's body, perhaps searching for clues of my attraction to it. In truth, I haven't had any use for these failed experiments in years. The process of transforming women into dolls became dull. Yes, there were decent challenges, though no one piqued my interest; they were merely ways to get me one step closer toward my ultimate goal. But once Violet turned eighteen, my energy renewed. I had no interest in her yet, but it was an indication her maturation period was closer than ever. Only seven more years, and she would be mine.

Thus, I started mentoring Oliver, my computer engineering specialist, and I manipulated his bright brain to reach its full potential. I wanted to guarantee the microchip would be ready by the time she returned to me.

So I collected this failure, hoping the resemblance would satiate my needs for the time being while we installed different versions of the microchip in its brain.

It didn't satisfy me.

"Da—" She stops herself. Her knuckles flutter under mine, and she touches her collar with her free hand. She must be wondering what my title is, now that she's wearing my collar. My cock contracts, arousal building in my groin.

"You may still address me as Daddy," I say.

“Daddy,” she whispers. “Did you get her because she reminded you of me?”

I chuckle. Oh, how the sweet thing clings to the hope that even when I wasn’t with her, I still yearned for her. And in a way, I did. I knew the specimen would have a similar outward appearance to the freak, and for a short while, that was enough to motivate me.

Obsession always brings us back to our knees. I may not behave like a normal person does, but I am and always have been completely dedicated to my freak. And thus, I understand her need for that promise of loyalty. What is the next test I’m moments from administering on her, if not another way to prove her loyalty to me?

I tug her leash to the counter a few feet away and open a drawer. Inside, there are scalpels, speculums, drills, saws: medical tools resembling weapons, if you will. Anything a man may need to assist him with transforming individual women into Living Dolls, weapons the freak may be tempted to use as well.

The freak’s hand runs over the handles, her delicate fingers hesitant. I unlock the leash from her collar; the chain clinks on the floor.

The pile of metal waste lies at our feet.

The freak whirls around; our eyes meet. Her dark irises flicker with emotion; I’m unable to identify it though. Is it trepidation? Lust? Fear? Hope?

She could use the leash to choke me to death. She could also use the scalpel to stab my neck. She could also run until she found a safe place to hide. With what I’ve put her through and her past determination to kill me, there *should* be animosity between us.

But that’s not what I see in her. I don’t know what it is, but it’s something else.

My shoulders tingle. “Go on,” I taunt us both. “Show me.”

“Show you what, Daddy?”

“You know, sweet one.”

She flinches, and her gaze drifts from my neck to the chain. Is she planning my demise? She hasn’t tried to choke me to death yet…

She lifts her chin. “Show you that there’s no one else but us?”

Desire floods my veins, my cock tenting my trousers. “What a good answer.” I dig my fingernails into her hips. “Now, show me how badly you want the bitch to suffer.”

I spin the freak around to the drawer. She removes a scalpel, then draws closer to the failure. Giddiness flows through my limbs, a lightheaded sensation causing my shoulders to rise; I am a balloon full of helium, floating toward the clouds. Are there parts of *Violet* lingering inside of the freak, feigning obedience to get closer to killing me, *or* has she fully given herself over to her new life as my toy?

Forcing a defiant cunt into submission will be entertaining. On the other hand, her obedience will fulfill me too. Whatever she chooses to do with the scalpel, I’ll enjoy it.

A scream erupts from the freak as she jabs her hand forward, the scalpel penetrating the failure’s throat. It gurgles, choking on its own blood. The freak removes the scalpel, then stabs the failure’s cheek. Its chest. The other side of its neck. Blood sprays her skin.

My mouth pulls upward into a malicious smile. I bare my teeth, pleasure and power overflowing within me. These failed specimens are a symbol of the freak’s jealousy, her *need* to possess my full attention. They are evidence she must share me with them *or* she must destroy them to claim me as her own.

Her father *and* her owner.

The failure lies limp in the chair, held up only by the belt straps. Blood dashes the freak, her fingers loose around the scalpel. My heart races, an overwhelming sense of pride washing over me, and my lungs inflate,

pulling me higher and wider. I couldn’t be prouder of what I’ve accomplished.

“Now, fuck it,” I command.

The freak’s chin drops to her chest, her eyes wet with tears.

I smirk. Interesting. So, there *is* fire left inside of the freak. She’s not fighting for her own independence anymore, and yet she hasn’t completely surrendered to a life of submission.

My grin widens. It’s funny how killing a stranger isn’t the issue, but *fucking* its corpse is where she hesitates. It’s already dead. What does the freak care if it’s alive *or* an inanimate object? For fuck’s sake, it’s still warm. It’s not even a true corpse yet.

“Daddy—”

My forehead furrows; I curl my fists. She freezes, no doubt registering the frustration clouding my expression. After everything I’ve done for her, after everything I’ve accomplished, she still wants to defy me?

I grab her by the collar and yank her toward me. My dick presses against her body. She gulps.

“I didn’t ask if you *wanted* to fuck the corpse,” I growl. “I told you to do it.”

I slam her back. She whimpers.

My cock aches. Today, my only desire is to witness her descent into total and complete submission, though it is difficult to stay on the sidelines, observing her growth. Thus, I may not be able to force the freak to fuck the dead failure, but I can move the task along.

I hastily unlock the belt straps. The corpse slumps to the floor, lying on its face, the diapered ass like a snowy hill stretching to the sky.

The freak cautiously glances at me, then positions herself to sit on the corpse’s head.

Face-sitting again? The empty-headed cunt can’t think for herself. But I suppose that’s *my* fault, isn’t it?

“You already did that with your mother,” I snap. The freak’s shoulders hunch as she curls into herself. I snarl. “*Think*, you stupid fuck. Somewhere inside that little brain of yours, there has to be another idea of how to entertain me.”

Redness creeps over the freak’s bare skin. She closes her eyes.

Seconds pass.

A full minute.

Finally, the freak rises and walks toward the drawer. Excitement blooms in my chest, and I clench my jaw. I stifle the urge to clap for her and instead keep my composure completely vacant.

The freak takes a bone saw from the drawer, then kneels beside the corpse. She slides the saw against the corpse’s wrist. Thick vibrations crash through the air, mixed with the moist squelch of flesh. My lips pull into a thin line.

We have six more failures—six more for her to kill and fuck—and then I guarantee my freak will be ready for *any* task. By the time we’re done with every failed specimen in this lab, the freak will be fully submissive toward me.

Once the hand and wrist are dismembered, the freak sits on the tile and reclines against the corpse, using the dead body like a pillow, and she spreads her legs, giving me a full view of her hairy snatch. Need oozes out of her cunt, and blood drips from the end of the wrist down to her hole.

She takes the severed hand and curls the fingers until only two are extended. The freshly dead fingers slide inside of the freak’s hole easily. Is the lubrication from the blood or the freak’s natural arousal?

“You didn’t even need to lubricate your new toy,” I murmur. “You were ready, weren’t you, love?”

The freak moans. My eyes hood with lust; saliva gathers in my mouth. It isn’t the dead body that gets the freak off. No—it’s my desire, my cock twitching, my wet lips as I watch her.

The freak's hips thrust forward, gyrating for my pain. I clench my jaw. I told myself I would only observe her today, but my groin heats with the intensity of a thousand fiery stones piling up inside of me.

And I need to fuck her. To pound into her. To pinch her clit and make the stupid cunt orgasm. I *need* this.

I race forward, then pick up the freak, carry her by the ass, and force her to straddle me. Then I lay her down on top of the corpse, her back arching over the torso, and I shove down my trousers. I hold the corpse hand at her pussy, keeping the fingers inside, then I bulldoze her cunt with my cock too. The corpse hand and my cock stretch out her pussy, using her like a fuck doll. The sting from the freak's acidic pussy juices and the scratch of the corpse's fingernails are like a drug on my healing wounds; my body fills with heat, with need, with the desire to take, take, *take* everything she has and burn it all to ash.

The freak wraps her legs around my back like an insect stuck in a web. I dip my fingers into one of the corpse's neck wounds and coat my fingers in blood. Then I rub my wet fingers against the freak's clit. She moans, and I grip her mouth between my bloody fingers and spit on her face; the saliva and blood mix on her cheeks.

"You dirty piece of trash," I growl, vibrating through each word. "You can tell yourself you killed your mother because you didn't want her to live under my torture any longer, but that wouldn't explain killing this stranger now, would it?"

My cock grows even larger inside of her, the corpse fingers scraping against my scarred flesh, the sting of pleasure pushing me toward the edge. There's only so much I can take before I explode inside of the freak's stretched out, useless hole.

"You killed a complete stranger and used its corpse to get off just now," I murmur. "Why? It's not because I told you to do it, is it?"

"No," she cries.

“Then *what* is it?”

“Because I don’t want her in *your* life anymore.”

I beam. “That’s right.”

I let go of the corpse’s hand and pinch the freak’s clit. The freak’s cunt tightens, inadvertently pushing the dead fingers out, and all that’s left is her gaping, drenched hole and my long cock. Tears stream down the freak’s face, and release bursts from her core, her pussy muscles constrict around me, and I pump my cock and choke the empty-headed twat until she blooms purple. Once I let go, she gasps, gratitude swelling in her eyes, and that submission, that utter obedience, pushes me to my limit, and I cum too. I spray her insides with my seed.

When Violet was born, I had no desire for her then, but I had a powerful instinct that she would grow up and be different from the rest. I haven’t installed the microchip yet, but I have no doubt she will do absolutely anything I want. She has already surpassed my expectations.

As I pull out, the freak whines incoherently. The cunt wants more, but I have two bodies to dispose of and patients to attend to. She’ll have to wait.

I dress myself. Blood dots the freak’s chin, and like an obedient cunt, she stays on her knees, positioned at my feet, ready to please me again. My commands, my pain, and my pleasure give her life.

One failed experiment down, six to go. Then the freak will truly have me all to herself.

I wipe my thumb across her chin, smearing a drop of blood. Then I press the finger between her lips. She greedily sucks, cleaning the failure’s life essence from me.

The freak wants to belong. To be loved. To be cherished.

And I will cherish her.

“You would do anything to keep me forever. To know your daddy wants you and only you,” I murmur.

The freak coos, nuzzling into my leg. I pat her head, and a relaxing warmth crawls over my chest.

“Don’t worry, sweet one,” I say. “You’re mine. Now and forever.”

And she’ll become a Living Doll before she can truly understand what forever means to me.

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Chapter 29

Dr. Ambrose

The next few weeks fly by with ease. Knowing the freak is chained to the floor in my home office motivates me to end my shifts at the asylum early. Some days, I even assign Oliver my patients and duties for the entire day. I have more important matters to take care of with the freak, and I continue to trust Oliver with increasingly more tasks. Until the Living Doll product line at The Pure Companion Company is fully released and thriving, I will need to limit my time at the asylum to focus on the production process.

The asylum and the doll company will work in tandem; the asylum will provide additional specimens. Any patients with sexual behaviors embedded into their psyche like the freak will be especially valuable as raw materials to become our Living Dolls. The Founder has his own resources for gathering materials, but I have no doubt he'll enjoy the asylum's manufacturing potential.

Oliver will also spend a portion of his time with me at The Pure Companion Company. And once he finalizes the perfect microchip, I will have the perfect use for him. There have been a few times where patients have caused Oliver great pain, and during those times, he showed signs of both sadism and masochism. He will make an excellent Living Doll; I have no doubt our customers will bid highly for his ownership.

I haven’t implanted the newest chip into the freak’s brain. I will very soon, and I’m certain the Founder will be quite pleased with the results. She’s already such a submissive creature, ready to complete any of my demands with complete vigor.

But the freak will remain mine alone. Thus, once I’ve seen the transformation take effect in the freak, I will begin transforming a new final prototype. And if the Founder isn’t satisfied with the results, then I will experiment on the next specimen until we achieve perfection.

Oliver and I shake hands. He will finish the rest of his shift without me, but I will see him soon.

“Next week,” I say. “At the laboratory.”

Oliver nods. “I’m looking forward to it, Doctor.”

The drive home is excruciating; I’m so eager to return to my favorite experiment, it seems *longer* than usual. I drive, knowing the reward will come sooner than my overly excited nervous system realizes.

Tonight is the night.

The freak has never been my only offspring. I have always enjoyed breeding women and seeing how each of my children have flourished and failed. It’s been a guessing game whether they needed to be nurtured into deviance or if the depravity began at their core. Sometimes, after they became adults, I gave a nudge here, a push there, all through proxies who acted in my will. And other times, I gave complete distance until they reached the mature age of twenty-five, like I did with the freak.

I’m fortunate my future will continue to include breeding my own specimens; the Founder has assured me I can impregnate some of the women—the sows, if you will—at the company’s partnered human farm. And, as I stated earlier, I also fully intend to breed particular patients at the asylum and bring them to The Pure Companion Company’s laboratory to develop. Only a foolish man would ignore his potential resources.

Then again, I have no *need* to impregnate women anymore, at least not sexually. The freak keeps me completely entertained, and I know how the dumb cunt would react if she saw me breeding another woman. There are non-sexual fertilization methods I could use, but knowing *my* semen has been inserted inside of another cunt will be hard enough for the freak as it is. And though I enjoy torturing my sweet one, I like knowing my seed is solely hers.

It’s not like her opinion matters though; soon, she won’t even have the power to whimper her complaints.

She will be nothing more than my object.

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Chapter 30

Dr. Ambrose

Once I arrive home, I open the door to my office and settle my gaze on the freak. She kneels in the corner, a metal collar fixed around her neck and chained to an o-ring in the floor. A used rimmed puppy pad is near her, filled with a puddle of her excess waste. The rich scent of decay, similar to the withered rose garden in my front yard, wafts through the air.

I teased the freak with the idea of wearing diapers; the puppy pads work well for us now. Her diet—fully hydrated with water and completely reliant on the nutritional shakes—is such that her urine and fecal matter have a mildly sweet aroma. Eventually, when she's an object, she won't be able to relieve herself on a puppy pad; thus, diapers will become the primary method of catching her waste.

A smile broadens my lips. For now, I enjoy seeing her naked, forced to urinate and defecate on a cloth pad like an animal. However, the freak does not take the role of my pet. She's so much *less* than that. And soon, she won't even deserve pronouns.

She will be my object. A thing. A well-used toy.

A moth flies past me and flutters down to a damp rug at the perimeter of the room. The freak peeks at the windowed wall at the far end of the office. Much like my office at the asylum, this home office also has a view into the next room, the laboratory where I once kept my failed experiments.

There aren’t any failed experiments in the laboratory now; my freak took care of all of them. I quite enjoyed watching her kill the human females and fucking their corpses. The shame it brought her in the beginning was exquisite—the dread in her eyes, the shivers raking down her spine—all erased with a mere touch of her clit. It’s impressive how easily it came to her by the last murder.

The freak is fully conditioned now, thanks to my training, triggers, and rewards.

Each of the failed experiments has been shipped off to The Pure Companion Company’s lead taxidermist for skinning in our Hybrid Doll product line: human skin with plastic interiors. After which, their meat will be transferred to the butcher at the company’s partnered human farm. While the failed experiments weren’t useful as Living Dolls, a businessman knows to use all of his resources. Besides, using the skin and meat erases the evidence of any crime. I’ve even suggested we ask the butcher how to repurpose the bones for feeding the sows in the human farm, as well as the specimens in the development laboratory.

I use a side door in my office to enter the sterile lab, then I ready a small tray on the counter with the tools I’ll need for the freak’s transformation. Then, I return to my office and run my fingers through the freak’s long, grown-out strands of blonde and black hair.

“Tell me, sweet one,” I murmur. “Have you been wondering if your boyfriend, Benji, will return to save you?”

She reaches forward, pawing for my attention.

“Daddy?” Her brow wrinkles. “Who is Benji?”

She no longer remembers her old supposed boyfriend, then. Well—he was more of a caretaker anyway.

I click my tongue as I sheathe my hands in disposable gloves. “Never mind, my love. Let’s try another question. Have you been wondering why there were so many of you in different stages of development?”

Her face contorts on the word “you.” She knows I’m referring to the failed experiments, and that must unnerve her. The freak doesn’t voice this concern though. The essence of her mind is still there, wavering between her temples; she can’t fully process what I’m asking anymore. It’s too difficult, too cognitive. Lust glosses her eyes, and she stays crouched on the floor. Her hips inch forward.

“You’re nothing unless you’re being used.” I tilt my head. “Isn’t that right, my disgusting freak?”

“Yes, Daddy.” She pouts. “Please, Daddy. Can I suck your cock? I need you.”

My dick twitches. I walk around her kneeling form and tap my chin.

“I raped Ivy Ward every night until she became pregnant,” I say. “I did this twice with her, actually. To be honest, Ivy wasn’t the first woman I bred, nor was her first child exactly what I wanted. So, I did it again and promised to continue doing so until she produced a daughter. Luckily, on the second fertilization, she had you.”

“Ivy?” the freak asks, her voice lighter than a cloud. “Who is Ivy?”

I chuckle, a grin spreading across my face like the roots of a tree. After years of subtly dropping clues about her mother’s death until she was destined to fall into my trap, no one can deny I’ve worked hard. `

I deserve this.

“And then I paid a foster family to take you,” I continue. I rub the top of the freak’s head, petting the good thing like an obedient dog. “Some may argue I told them to treat you in such a way you yearned for affection in the worst places. The truth is I did no such thing. I simply requested updates on your upbringing, a vague account of your failures and successes. They neglected you of their own accord. Thus, you became a desperate, filthy cunt with a need for violent acceptance.”

I bend down beside her. Our eyes meet. Her stare is vacant; she’s not fully there. I drag my knuckles across her cheek.

“Only a cock will make you feel good now,” I murmur. “Isn’t that right, sweet one?”

She nods, her head bobbing like an idiot, greedy for the purple head of my dick between her lips.

“Please give it to me, Daddy,” she says. “I want to make you cum. I *need* to make you cum.”

She’s so brainless now; I can’t even call her stupid, because that would mean she made actual *attempts* to attain knowledge. Her stupidity is irritating; simultaneously, it brings me bliss.

I can’t wait to experience her as a fully-fledged doll.

“I’ve been working on the creation of a living human doll—a sex toy, if you will—for many years now,” I say. I stand to my full height and begin circling her kneeling form. “I was fascinated by the idea that a person didn’t need consent or even the intellectual functions of the other to indulge in their desires. At first, I used different psychosurgery techniques from older generations—lobotomies, in plain terms—hoping one of these methods would give me the key to a living, breathing human sex toy. None of those older methods worked; there are obviously reasons why those techniques were abandoned by my colleagues. Then I realized my assistant, Oliver, had the talent to create a microchip that utilizes different areas of the brain intermittently, so the body works while outside forces may control the reactions of the specimen.”

The freak crawls forward, her mouth open. “Pleeease—”

I kick her chest. The bitch cowers on her paws, finding her position at my feet.

I roll my eyes, then continue: “Then I met the Founder, a man with considerable talents, like myself. He has the business capabilities to build an empire; my assistant has unique engineering insight; *I* am the one who knows how to properly condition the specimens before they’re transformed, *and* I have enough neurosurgery experience under my belt so the specimens

may fully heal. My procedure will guarantee the natural responses desired by our clients."

I remove a loaded sedation syringe from my desk drawer and put it in my back pocket.

"We can completely transform the object's processing unit," I explain. "You will retain your ability to feel, think, and react, so far as I've given you the power to do so in your intellectual training. Tears, grunts, moans, even screams will come to you, as will your orgasms. However, you will not be able to do anything beyond those responses." I sigh deeply. "But those precious thoughts that have plagued you for years will never truly go away. They'll stay hidden in your psyche. Their purpose is to inform your primal reactions, never quite reaching the surface of voluntary action." I throw my hands up in victory. "Ah, your owner will never be required to do *anything;* your body will simply react. There is so much potential—"

"You're going to give me to someone else?" she cries.

I stop my hands in mid-air and scrutinize the freak. Though she is under my control, the leftovers from her old self simmer under the surface: the *need* for my acceptance, to always belong. She wiggles on her haunches, her hips gyrating. A drop of pre-cum wets my pants. She's so fucking desperate, my mouth salivates.

I lower my hands and crouch down on my haunches beside her. Due to my height, I'm significantly higher than her, but this is more even ground than we've been on for a long time. I want her to understand my next words completely. She's worked hard to be good to me; she deserves this one last reassurance.

"My sweet one. My precious freak," I say in a gentle voice. "I will never give you away. In fact, when I'm about to die, I'll kill you first and watch your corpse burn so your body will never be used by another."

Terror flickers over her pupils, but her knees spread wider. I thrust my hand between her thighs, cupping her drenched cunt. A small space lingers

between my palm and her mound; I'm careful *not* to touch her clit yet.

I grab the syringe from my pocket. "Are you ready, sweet one?"

She nods like I knew she would.

"Good girl," I murmur.

I plunge the syringe into her neck. She falls forward, her shoulders leaning on me, her arms heavy. I scoop her into my arms and carry her into my sterile laboratory. To be honest, many of my operations have been completed wherever the specimen was sedated—in my office, in the dining room, in the hallway, wherever I finally grew impatient with their conscious lives—and previously, I had no concern for the cleanliness of their surgeries. If they were infected, then there would always be another resource to experiment on next.

With the freak, it's different. I can't be too careful. I've waited too long and invested too much in her success. It would be a waste to let her body get infected and die before using her as my Living Doll.

I lie her across a steel table. I clean her body with a soap containing chemical agents used by the best surgeons in the world. Then, I carefully section a portion of her hair, cut it near the scalp, and shave what's left.

There's a sort of rhythm to the preparation that comes next; using sterile gauze, I wipe medical benzene across the skin—its scent of gasoline fills my lungs—then it's rubbing alcohol, and finally, the deep orange hue of iodine. I cover the surrounding area with sterile sheets.

The scalpel cuts cleanly through her scalp; beads of blood line the incision. I scrape the skin from the bone and separate the layers. More blood begins to collect, so I seal the blood vessels with my electrocautery tweezers as necessary. The flap of scalp skin hangs, still attached on one side, exposing the skull underneath.

I use the cranial drill to remove the bone.

The pinkish-gray brain gleams. I insert the chip; thin, thread-like fibers spread from its center, connecting with the organ. Excitement swells inside

of me, a fever reaching its highest peak in my head, and my vision pulsates; it's as if everything around me has a heartbeat.

The freak becomes my doll.

I staple the bone back into place, then stitch the skin. This is a risky surgery, especially done outside of a hospital setting; however, I've completed many surgeries with the other failed specimens without risking their death by infection. I have no doubt the freak will heal from the transformation.

After I remove my briefs and trousers, I take a cock sleeve from my desk drawer and return to the laboratory. The silicone sleeve is short, meant only to cover the tip of the penis, and as such, I consider it a crown from my cock. A slim spike, curved like a talon, decorates the sleeve's head. The blade is positioned so it will penetrate the vaginal walls with an aim toward the anterior, the famous spot where some women are forced to squirt.

With this cock sleeve, the doll's flesh will scar, leaving my permanent imprint on its body. I will never share the freak with another, but I'm compelled to leave my permanent mark inside of it, to celebrate this transition from woman to object. If a child writes its name in permanent marker on a toy and a couple gets matching tattoos to show their union, then this is my mark on my freak.

I angle the freak's chin as if it's looking at me. The eyes are closed; it's asleep now, under the weight of the sedative. Soon, it'll wake to me marking my territory.

"Some specimens take a while before the chip fully functions," I say quietly. "If you're still in there, then you better fucking cry for me, or I will *make* you regret it."

I climb on top of the steel table and mount the doll. As my crowned cock slides inside of the cunt, the freak gurgles out a garbled and malfunctioned scream; it reminds me of a noisy toy with a nearly empty battery.

And it’s the perfect fear response.

“That’s right, you freak,” I growl.

I thrust my cock in again, goring its insides. Blood mixed with arousal squishes out of the doll’s hole, wetting my cock. Another thrust. Another stab. Another step closer to the freak’s final transformation into an object. Though I’ve fucked other patients and specimens to death before, *this* entire experience excites me like no other: taking my daughter, training her to be my freak, creating the perfect doll out of my own flesh and blood.

I’ve truly mastered the art of depravity.

“Any time I fuck you from now until your dying breath, I will control your pleasure and pain,” I say in a low, gravelly voice. “And if I want to make you bleed, you *will* fucking bleed.”

I pinch the clit, and the doll convulses in its conditioned orgasm response, gripping my cock so hard, I imagine it could sever my length from my body.

It doesn’t take long for me to cum after that.

Underneath me, the doll’s body is loose in a state of nothingness. I crawl off of the table and crouch beside the head, peering at its eyes. The pupils are dilated; they remain motionless.

I lick my lips, my cock already expanding with aroused blood again. There is no doubt in my mind a turbulent storm of emotions is warring in that tiny brain somewhere, even if the doll has no idea why it feels the way it does.

After I redress myself, I study the object. A pool of blood dampens the doll’s inner thighs. I nudge the body with the back of my hand, testing its responsiveness. The doll’s head falls to the side, and its eyes continue to stay blank, staring off into space. The pupils dilate in and out, as if the soul inside is clawing for a way out. I’ll have to take care of the vaginal wounds soon—I want it scarred, not dead—but I have time.

Drool slides across the doll's lips and dribbles down to the floor. I sneer. It's a pathetic creature. Useless in most ways.

But *it* is all mine. Now and forever.

I leave the doll's eyes open. In the future, lubricant drops will be necessary multiple times a day. Right now, it's important the doll fully understands its new situation. The acclimation to life completely under my control will be painful, and every activity we engage in will be more enjoyable for me.

Tomorrow morning, I will notify the Founder that the latest prototype is healing from the transformative surgery, *and* that I have no intentions of handing the doll over to our tester. I'm confident the Founder will swiftly send me another specimen, and I'll contact Oliver to have him deliver another copy of the brain chip. Soon, with the help of The Pure Companion Company's developmental laboratory and associated human farm, we'll be able to create the best Living Doll product line man has ever experienced.

The doll's facial muscles spasm, then relax. A tear runs down the doll's cheek, adding into the small puddle of drool. The freak is inside of there, somewhere, and I trust it knows to be used like this is a gift. It will have no responsibilities now. No worries. No fears.

Nothing will exist besides pain and pleasure.

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Chapter 31

Dr. Ambrose

The next day, shortly after feeding the freak its first funneled meal as a doll, a knock on the front door echoes through the house.

I check the surveillance footage and find a man standing on my porch. A bent nose. Wavy brown hair. Tall, yet boyish in stature.

Benji. The idiot boyfriend. The vanilla lover. Violet's caretaker.

I raise a brow. I expected Oliver to bring a new copy of the microchip today, as the Founder will be delivering the next specimen ready for surgery tomorrow. We are all eager to have the prototype tester use our latest model.

This visitor is an interruption to my schedule.

I suppose I expected Benji to return *eventually;* an idiot like him would obviously want to ride his metaphorical white horse to save his damsel in distress. I did not expect to see him now, though. His single brain cell must have somehow ignited, realizing his other half was no longer with us on this earth.

Not as she was, that is.

I leave my doll strapped to a chair, exit the laboratory, then open the front door.

Benji scratches the back of his head.

"What a surprise! It's good to see an old friend," I say. I extend my hand, and Benji hesitantly shakes it. At least he is smart enough to be polite.

“How is she?” he asks.

My jaw ticks. I don’t like that he thinks he can inquire about the freak’s current state.

“Stable, as expected,” I say. “And the asylum?”

Benji shrugs. “Can I come in?”

I step to the side, extending my arm and allowing him entry. He walks slowly, scanning the foyer, the stairs, and the hallway leading deeper into the house. A rank odor wafts from his body; his fear must have gotten the best of him on his drive here. Benji has always been a cautious man, and though it sometimes gets the best of him, I understand why he must act the way he does. In fact, I’m the one who helped heal his issues.

I’m sure he thought he could save the freak from its issues as well. Perhaps he thinks he can save it now.

I close the door behind us, then lead him toward my home office. This time, the curtains are closed, concealing the view of the laboratory, where my filthy, nasty freak rests in a diaper, rapidly healing from surgery and waiting for its body to process the excess hydration from its recent meal.

I take my seat behind my desk. Benji sits in the visitor’s chair, which is in a slightly lower position, forcing him to look up at me.

“What can I help you with, son?” I ask.

He cringes. “You know I hate it when you call me that. I’m not *that* young.” He rubs his hand over his face, then crosses his arms. “Where’s my payment? I’m missing a paycheck for the last three months, and those were the hardest. The stuff she wanted me to do?”

Disgust quivers through his body. I nod deeply. Benji, like many others, has the usual interest in sex; his interests have always been extremely plain. I selected him to care for Violet for that sole reason; I wanted him to protect her, and I knew she would never be fully satisfied by someone that dull. He’s so timid at times, I honestly didn’t expect him to confront me about

this particular payment issue, not when it would bring up unpleasant memories.

My smile fades slightly. I suppose every man deserves payment for his work. Then again, treating Benji like a man would mean Benji is my equal, worthy of my time and resources, and though I've used him a great deal over the last few years, his value is rapidly diminishing.

I straighten my shoulders and write a check for six thousand dollars. Benji leans over the desk, reading my writing.

"That's it?" he says. "You promised me more for the videos."

I suppose that's true.

I crumple the current check and begin writing another. This time, I add another thousand. Benji sighs; he knows *not* to push me past this. He takes the check and resumes crossing his arms over his chest. His head turns slightly, avoiding my penetrative gaze.

"Violet said something about you being her father," he says quietly, as if he doesn't want to say the words too loud, for fear they might be true. "That was a lie, right? I know you were a nurse or a janitor or whatever before you were her mom's nurse and my doctor, but you couldn't be Violet's father, right? You wouldn't rape a patient. Not after what you taught me."

I taught Benji many things, including the proper way to behave in society, to always submit to a higher power like myself, and to always, *always* treat others as if they are the true experts in every situation. Even as a young child, I had a plan for him. While I spent the last few months conditioning Violet to embrace her sexual desperation, with Benji, I simply taught him how to keep his body and mind pure. Additionally, I conditioned him to be completely docile toward me with the help of an embedded trigger. I haven't had the need to use it yet. Perhaps today will be the perfect opportunity to test its viability post-treatment.

And in some ways, he is correct. My transformation at the asylum has been a long and arduous journey. I started out as a patient—a deviant

sniffing his mother's panties like I saw my father do—and that began my obsession with our natural inclinations. Patient to maintenance worker, maintenance worker to nurse, nurse to doctor, and doctor to CEO, director, and owner. Even before I took my role as its leader, the Ambrose Asylum has experienced plenty of staffing issues over the decades; thus, no one has ever checked my references or paperwork. All patients, staff, and doctors know no one truly leaves the asylum except through death. I fully intend to use the facility to gather additional specimens for my new business endeavor. Perhaps I will even bring the freak with me, using the tools at the facility to properly integrate the freak into its new life.

The Ambrose Asylum gave me access to Violet's mother among so many others. Of course, I made sure there was no record of her first-born son. His records are entirely fabricated. He doesn't know I'm the one who chose his given name.

"Don't worry, my son," I say. Benji jolts back in his seat. I wink and look down my nose at him. "You took good care of your sister."

He blanches. Sweat beads his skin, veins tensing on his neck. Rancid odor reeks from his pits.

"Y-y-you're joking with me," he stammers. He stands up, points at me, and raises his voice: "You're not my father. You're lying!"

I stay seated. I'm undisturbed by his outburst. I taught him well; he'd never hurt me, his *father,* of all people.

"Not with this," I say. "You know the truth: you fucked your sister."

He paces back and forth, his eyes on the floor, his body dripping with sweat. His hands paw at his head as he rips his hair out; it's a trait he shares with his sister, one they both received from their mother. His words grow in volume: profanities, claims, denials. Oh, so many denials. I ignore each and every one of them.

I open my desk drawer, revealing an *older* version of the brain chip. I have no need to sedate Benji for his surgery like I did with Violet, nor do I

need to waste the newest version of the brain chip on a specimen so beneath our final product.

“She was right,” Benji shouts. He balls his fists, raising them up. “You have to die!”

He comes toward me, as if to attack. I smirk. There’s some surprise left in the world after all.

I smack my fist against his head like a fly swatter. The idiot howls, cupping his head, already weakened by my defense, then I snap my fingers, triggering his response, and he falls to the floor and curls into the fetal position. He shoves his thumb between his lips and sucks it like an infant.

I drag him to the laboratory.

Benji was a vaguely interesting auxiliary project to me. Like his sister, he was raised by foster parents, though *unlike* Violet’s upbringing, I encouraged his caretakers to physically discipline him as necessary, and admittedly, I was delighted when they broke his nose. I knew our similar facial features could potentially cause issues for me later on, and thus, I was pleased as he grew older and his physical appearance drew apart from mine. A pathetic idiot like him should never wear such distinguished features.

When the time came, his foster parents brought him to me as a patient to help decrease his seemingly violent tendencies, and I taught him to conform.

From my patients to my biological children, everyone is an experiment to me.

“Be a good son and stay still for me,” I command.

I put pressure on Benji’s skull with one hand, then I harshly cut the appropriate hair with the other. He whimpers, and I move on to shaving. I move through the various cleaning stages, and then, as the scalpel begins to cut his skin, he howls and falls unconscious. I sigh; the idiot has never been one to tolerate pain.

There’s more blood today than with yesterday’s surgery; I use the same medical instrument as before to stop the bleeding. To be quite honest, I don’t care if the idiot lives, dies, or if he is infected by my negligence. His mistake was fucking my freak when he was only supposed to be protecting her.

No one touches my things and truly *lives.*

Once I begin using the cranial drill, the idiot wakes up. His cry pierces my eardrums, and *that’s* when I grab the syringe and stab his neck. I don’t care to sedate him to finish his operation, but I find it so much easier to work when I have complete silence.

“I wasn’t as careful with you as I was with your sister. Perhaps *this* will be your bonus. Instead of having your emotions and fears, you will only have primal functions, a body that only eats, sleeps, and cums, thanks to an older version of the brain chip. Alas, the sibling rivalry continues.” I place the skull piece back over his brain. “The freak won’t be jealous, though. It may not understand it now, but the doll will quite enjoy keeping its emotions. It heightens every experience.”

I staple the bone, then stitch his skin. Finally, I pull the idiot by the ankles until he’s positioned at his sister’s feet. There, the freak sits on its seat, a queen healing on its throne, waiting to serve its ruler. And there, at the doll’s feet, sits a lesser version of a male doll, like a broken toy.

A wise man—someone like the Founder—would plan to sell the two of them as a pair. We don’t judge our clients’ needs, and I acknowledge there are certainly clients who would enjoy incestuous siblings.

That won’t do, though. I have no interest in the son. I’ll find a new home for him.

I want the daughter all to myself.

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Chapter 32

Dr. Ambrose

Months pass, and with each one, I become more obsessed with the doll.

I used to wonder if I would miss the freak's fighting nature, but there is so much more satisfaction in transforming the freak and using it as it is now: a lifeless, yet sexually reactive vessel.

The pupils, widening and narrowing, are expressive. The vocal cords grunt and scream. The heart beats rapidly. The body says so much without uttering a single word.

The freak lays in my bed. Once I am completely undressed, I ready the eye drops, then pry open the doll's eyelids. Sometimes, there is an instinct to call my home or my bed "ours," due to the fact the freak is constantly by my side. But a doll, be it living or dead, cannot *own* anything. Not a home. Not a bed. Not even its very existence.

I administer the lubricating drops into each eyeball, then manually close the eyelids so the liquid may be fully absorbed. After a minute, I open the doll's eyes again. It blinks—a purely involuntary reflex—and its pupils stare at the ceiling, the dilation rapidly increasing and decreasing, unable to focus on its surroundings.

Warmth heats my groin. I like knowing it's somewhat conscious for these intimate times together. The freak may never resist me again, but it

will show these subtle responses to discomfort and pleasure.

I rub the solution—a secret formula from The Pure Companion Company, proven to keep deceased skin hydrated on our Hybrid Dolls, as well as to keep our Living Dolls' skin vibrant—all over the freak's body, paying special attention to the breasts. My slick hands roam over its sacks until the lotion dissolves into the skin, giving the body a damp texture.

I squeeze the doll's nipples, and a memory flashes through me: the freak sucking its mother's breasts.

I never did explain my initial attraction to its mother, did I?

"Let me tell you about your mother," I say. I prop myself up on my elbow, side-by-side with the freak. "Why did I choose her? What did I see in her?"

The doll's pupils dilate, and those full black spots in the center of the dark irises acknowledge me. Somewhere, inside of the brain, the doll is listening. It's such an obedient fuck toy.

"Back then, I had just procured the papers to move from my position as a maintenance worker to the position of a nurse. Your mother was one of my first patients." I comb my fingers through the doll's blonde and black hair, untangling the knots. "Her actual doctor wasn't available, so I was charged with making decisions *for* her. She was a volatile case, deeply unhappy with her situation, so I put her under isolation. "

I run my hand down the doll's head, to the neck, down further to the apex between its thighs. The cunt hair is now curled and wild. A woman like the old Violet probably believed men would prefer a hairless snatch; I quite enjoy a bush though, especially on my doll. The scent is stronger, more potent, and every instance of bodily arousal is much more noticeable now.

"There were some arguments about your mother, you know." I rub my finger along its clit in slow circles, taking my time. The doll's mouth parts. I lick my lips; my dick pulses. "Her employer said she was found

masturbating at work, but her father—your grandfather, that is—said she was merely having relations with a coworker. You see, your grandfather was enraged she was the *only* one being punished, and not her male coworker. I reassured him I agreed Ivy was being served injustice, but that if he wanted his daughter to be able to return to her old employer, she *must* complete the voluntary commitment by herself."

I briefly stop massaging the doll's clit. A gurgling noise babbles out of the throat. I chuckle, shake my head, then resume my strokes on the bundle of nerves. The doll wants *pain*, not pleasure, and it declares its desires with these automatic responses.

We must take our time though.

"I promised your grandfather I would take good care of her, even if I was only a nurse," I murmur. "I promised to personally see to it she had everything she needed at our facility."

I cackle. It's absurd; anyone would have been able to see how corrupt the asylum was, and yet no one dared stop me for fear of their own commitment.

"Of course, the promise of returning to her old job was a lie," I continue. "Her employer had no intention of rehiring her, but it was the only way I was able to convince the bitch and your grandfather to agree to a full stay. I forged any paperwork your grandfather and her employer deemed necessary."

Musk, sour and sweet, mingles with the dank air. I curl my fingers, resting the edge of my fingernails on the doll's clit, keeping the pressure steady, but not giving it the pain—the orgasm—it wants.

"You see, I had experimented with intellectual training on some of the other patients while I was a maintenance worker, and your mother, well…" I click my tongue, my cock straining toward the doll, greedy for friction. "She was my first *official* patient, and the first who took to intellectual training so well. She never admitted it verbally, but we ran many tests to

confirm it. Her cunt would be sopping wet any time I hurt her. It was fascinating how similar we both were as pain addicts, and yet my perversions were always stronger. We both craved pain, but I also desired complete control of the other."

I pinch the doll's clit. The body convulses, a moan coursing from its lips.

"Later," I say through the doll's moans, "when the father returned to retrieve his pregnant daughter, I gained the assistance of the higher-ups to reassure him the pregnancy was indeed in motion *before* his daughter arrived, even though the timeline did not add up. That was enough to calm the poor idiot until I could get him in an isolated area. Then I got rid of him. I didn't need any more interruptions from my sessions with his daughter, especially knowing this wouldn't be her last pregnancy."

I fiddle with the drawer next to the bed and remove a clamp, tighter than a binder clip, and attach it to the doll's clit.

The freak groans. A second orgasm. I smile down at it.

I couldn't have asked for a better doll.

"*You,* my sweet one, are a filthy cunt, like your mother," I murmur.

Kneeling on the bed, I lift the doll's ankles to my shoulders, readying my length at its entrance. If the doll could truly see, I'm sure it would appreciate the scar on my chest, a drop of blood oozing from the mutilated wound. I've removed the scab repeatedly, and sometimes, I even re-punctured the skin, to make sure the freak's mark is embedded in me, like my scar is etched inside of its vaginal cavity from the cock sleeve.

I thrust my scarred cock inside of the doll. The velvet pussy walls clench me, and I smack the clit clip. The doll thrusts violently, and I howl, tossing my head back.

"But you're better than your mother," I pant. "You're the best fuck your father has ever had."

The doll’s mouth is open, but for a split moment, I swear our eyes *almost* meet, and a tear of happiness slips down its cheek. My words must satisfy some dark need buried deep within its consciousness.

Then again, I am a logical man, and I understand the limitations of our Living Dolls. This moment of eye contact is either a coincidence or a trick of the mind. The doll cannot willingly meet my gaze. Everything must be forced.

Either way, I love making it cry.

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Chapter 33

Dr. Ambrose

six months later

On the screen, the latest doll moans as the tester inserts his fingers into its pussy. Similar to how Benji recorded his perverse sessions with Violet, the Founder has recorded the tester's sessions with our prototype Living Doll.

The tester brandishes a knife, then slices into the doll's chest. It screams and falls to the floor.

My dick bobs in the freak's mouth as it suctions around me. I thrust my hips forward until the tip of my cock bridges the back of its throat. The freak gags on my length, the shoulders lurching. It may be near vomiting, but I keep face-fucking it. I enjoy treating my favorite toy like this: a doll under my home desk to be used and ignored while I finish my day's work.

As you can see, the Living Doll exceeds expectations, the Founder says. He remains out of view of the camera lens, instead choosing to speak into the microphone from the side of the frame. The tester mounts the doll's chest, his cock entering the wound.

The tester has requested another doll with tattoos, the Founder adds. *I'll have my harvesters gather a specimen. Please use this exact training and surgical method for it as well.*

The video ends. I scoot back my chair. The freak's dark hair roots are past its ears now, and though it requires more maintenance than it did as a fully fledged human, the freak has adjusted quite well. As I zip and button my trousers, I make a mental note to dye its hair soon.

The freak's stomach is rounder now too. Even with limited motor function, the freak readies a child for the world, and more importantly, a new experiment for *me.*

A knock resonates through the house. I leave the freak hidden under the desk and greet the Founder on the front porch. I offer my hand.

"I was just watching your video on the newest prototype," I say. "The brain chip is working well, then?"

"Quite reactive," the Founder says as he shakes my hand, then we make our way back to my home office. "Primal reactions are not my preference; I am satisfied by the hybrid models with human skin and silicone. However, there are plenty of customers who will enjoy the Living Doll product line." His grin widens, and I remove a bottle of champagne from the small refrigerator in the corner of my office. "We must make use of this conditioning technique with the lab-raised specimens."

"And you must teach me how you've built such an impressive adult business empire," I say.

I pop the bottle, then pour two flutes. Anyone, even a man like the Founder, can be reduced to a Living Doll. All it takes is a sedative, a cranial drill, and the right microchip.

However, there will never be a doll as perfect as my sweet one. It took dedication to fully transform Violet into the freak, and I have no doubt it will always be the most successful in performance when it comes to Living Dolls. I almost want to share the doll, simply to brag. But then I'd have to kill every man who even looked at it.

Perhaps one day, when I no longer have a need for the Founder's business expertise, I'll kill him too, because the Founder *almost* saw the

freak when she was still a bumbling revenge-hungry cunt in the asylum.

Come to think of it, that's exactly what I *must* do. I've already begun engineering lessons with Oliver, and soon, I'll have the Founder teach me his business expertise. Eventually, I'll no longer need either of them, and thus, they will be transformed into dolls too.

I offer the Founder a champagne flute. He takes it.

"I finally found the perfect owner for the son, by the way. A gentleman who loves dismemberment as much as he enjoys jigsaw puzzles." The Founder chuckles. "He enjoys seeing the body in parts. I would call him a puzzling man, but we both know his desire isn't uncommon among our customers."

I laugh. I always knew Benji would be *useful* to someone; I should have known he would also end up in pieces.

"How did you find the client?" I ask.

"A guard at your asylum has a son, and that son is a client of the butcher."

Without any further explanation, I know exactly the guard the Founder speaks of: a widowed man who mistakenly grew attached to his own daughter as if she were his replacement wife. After the widowed man graduated from my program as a patient, I hired him as a guard in the asylum. I've always kept tabs on the guard's son, knowing that one day, his son would likely come into my care, though it seems as if the Founder has already initiated other plans for him, and therefore, the butcher met the guard's son first.

Perhaps I should be concerned that the Founder is meddling with my future patients, but I've never been possessive of any patient, *except* the freak. If anything, I suppose this interference is another point of motivation to turn the Founder into a doll and take control of The Pure Companion Company sooner than I first anticipated.

But the butcher? He is such an odd fellow. I must understand our business partnership fully if I am to eventually take over the company. I'll have to better acquaint myself with him, and then I'll decide my final plans for him as well.

"And how is the butcher doing?" I ask.

"Obsessed with human meat, as to be expected." The Founder winks. "He did give word about your breeding pig. Your sow is finally with child. A daughter."

It amuses me that the butcher refers to the women as pigs. The term fits; he farms them for breeding *and* for slaughter. Is it any different from me calling my experiments "specimens"?

By the time this daughter, the one from the sow, reaches maturation at twenty-five, I'll be well into old age, and perhaps unable to truly enjoy the cunt. Then again, with our technological advances, there are so many reasons for me to plan for an extremely long, happy life. There is even a client of The Pure Companion Company, a medical researcher, who is working on a method to live forever. I can potentially give the freak the same longevity benefits, so I may enjoy it through a long and satisfying existence.

Then again, if I have the freak forever, then what use do I have for another cunt? I'm completely addicted to the freak, and thus, I will *experiment* on them and I will *train* them, but I will not *use* them.

The new specimens will endure my sadistic intellectual training methods, and the freak will continue to be my only sexual satisfaction.

All of them are my experiments.

A part of me vaguely wonders about the outcome of the pregnancy for the freak. In my home care, much like our customers, the freak must have constant eye drops. After feeding the doll nutritional shakes through a funnel, it must wear a diaper for three hours—the shake activates the intestines quickly—and with pregnancy, I've been doing two feeding

sessions daily instead of the regular single dose, as the doll needs the extra nutrition for the child. And when the time comes, I'll take the doll to The Pure Companion Company's laboratory for birth. The technicians will raise the child, and in two and a half decades, I'll be notified the specimen has reached maturation: twenty-five and finally the perfect age for my experiments.

The Founder has specified each laboratory-developed doll reaches maturation at twenty, which is a few years younger than my preferred age. Only then can we start my formal conditioning methods in his eyes. However, with my own projects, I'll train them exactly as I prefer: at my later maturation age.

It will be amusing to watch from afar as the specimen grows in our laboratories. With no interaction from myself, how will this next daughter behave before it becomes a Living Doll? Somewhere, deep down inside of what's left of its consciousness, will my freak enjoy the new company? Or will I force it to watch me kill its child?

By then, I'm positive there will be a new, updated brain chip that will create automatic obedience in the dolls, the capability to complete any of its owner's commands without more than the doll's superficial thought. I could even update the freak's microchip and have it kill its own child for my amusement.

"A daughter." I raise my champagne flute. "That is certainly good news."

"Congratulations, my friend," the Founder says.

A grunt sounds from the next room, and both of us turn toward the window view of the home laboratory. A woman with a thick nose and short brown hair paces, a chain leashing her to the wall. Her arms are covered in tattoo sleeves, and a tattooed lace pattern covers her breasts and ass.

Get me the fuck out of here! she shouts, her words muffled. Even though she's been kidnapped from her home and taken to an unknown location, she

still thinks she has a say in what happens to her.

It’s vaguely amusing.

“She has your nose,” the Founder observes. “Will she become a Living Doll as well?”

This daughter is not as intriguing to me as the freak. This one is completely against perversions, and thus, bringing her here and intellectual training her to be a Living Doll is my own personal challenge. How long will it take to break her?

Perhaps this time, I’ll use a different trigger with her. The brother responded to my snapping fingers, and the freak loves clitoral pain. With this next daughter, I’ll use something else, a word maybe. Something grating, like the word, “whore.”

“Eventually,” I say. I raise my glass. “Once I become bored with her.”

The Founder’s smile widens; he understands me. He tilts his head. “And will you keep this one as well?”

Laughter bursts from my chest. As much as I love to experiment, the only doll I’ll ever keep for myself is the freak.

“Of course not,” I say. “We’ll sell it.”

“She has tattoos,” he says. “We could have the harvesters gather a new resource for the tester, *or* we could use her.”

“I’d be happy to condition her for him.”

We finish our champagne and discuss the final preparations for the tester’s next doll. Then the Founder leaves, and I pull the freak out from under the desk. With a leash connected to its collar, all it takes is a slight pull, and the freak crawls behind me.

I bring it to my bedroom and lie it on a long rubber pad. I remove the doll’s full diaper, the sweet stench of liquid feces filling the air, similar to the stool of an infant fed on pure breastmilk. I designed the nutritional shake so the maintenance of the Living Dolls is as tolerable as possible, thus the subtly sweet fecal matter.

I wipe the genitals clean, then lay beside it, propping my head up with one hand and using the other to caress the doll's nipples and growing stomach.

"Think of it," I murmur. "Less than a year has passed since you were sucking your own mother's nipple. Perhaps when this child has reached the same age as you are now, I'll force her to do the same to you."

Tears well in the doll's eyes. I lick my lips, and my dick pushes against its thigh.

"Don't worry, sweet one. There will be newer, better brain chips by then, and I'll have you kill your own daughter. *You* are my only favorite. You, *only you*, are my disgusting freak."

The doll's eyelids flicker, the pupils dilating, a demonstration of comfort.

"I still breed the others," I say. "Even then, I use nonsexual methods to insert my semen. You are the only one who deserves my cock."

I kiss the temple, an act of affection far too kind for an object, but it's what *I* desire right now.

"Even when you grow old, when your tits sag and your hair grays, I'll never replace you," I say into its ear. "But I won't let you live beyond me either. What would a doll like you do without its owner? I'll kill you before I die. That way, you'll end your life as my freak."

I undress fully, then ready my cock at the doll's entrance. Its lips quiver, but no words escape. Somewhere deep inside of its brain, it must be excited to take my full length in its scarred, battered cunt. Or perhaps it's trying to revolt against me.

Either way, *this* is what it wanted. Not a family, not a home, but a symbolic place of belonging. Someone who sees it for what it truly is. Someone who will always want it.

I thrust in hard, and the cunt sheathes me; I enjoy each clinch of its muscles. The doll moans, aching with pleasure and sorrow, and I rub myself

against the clit. The doll can’t help but find satisfaction in these acts, and I enjoy wrenching it out of its body, digging it out like a natural resource from the soil.

I shove my hand down and pinch its clit. Instantly, the doll spasms in orgasm.

There’s so much to do in the world, so much to accomplish, and as I continue my work with the Founder, I’ll never stop using the freak. The freak is mine—now, and forever—and as the doll continues to surrender every last thought, my power over it will only grow.

It simply has no choice.

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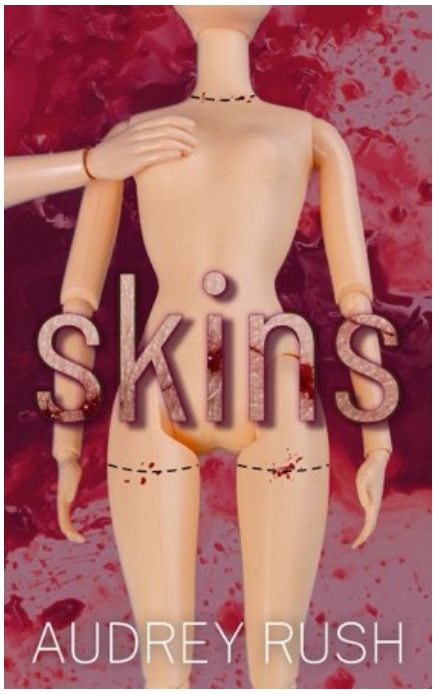
After meeting the Founder, are you curious about The Pure Companion Company and their terrifying human doll production process? If that's a yes *and* you're okay with necrophilia, non-con, dollification, extreme degradation, and the complete objectification of women, then check out my spicy horror novel, *Skins.*



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Our company consists of several renowned individuals: Gene, our somnophiliac chemist; Teddy, our snuff-loving taxidermist; Chase, our possessive material harvester; Miggs, our human meat butcher; and finally, the Founder, the man responsible for securing our vision.

At Pure Companion Company, we hold your needs above societal values, because we're just like you: we understand sadistic needs. No matter what it

takes, our mission is to guarantee man soars above all else, even if that means skinning her.

Even if that means making her your perfect toy.

Author's Note: This is a collection of horror stories. Each story is told from a different character's perspective. This collection includes the original short story, *Skin*, with additional chapters. An extended content list is located on the author's website. Reader discretion is advised.

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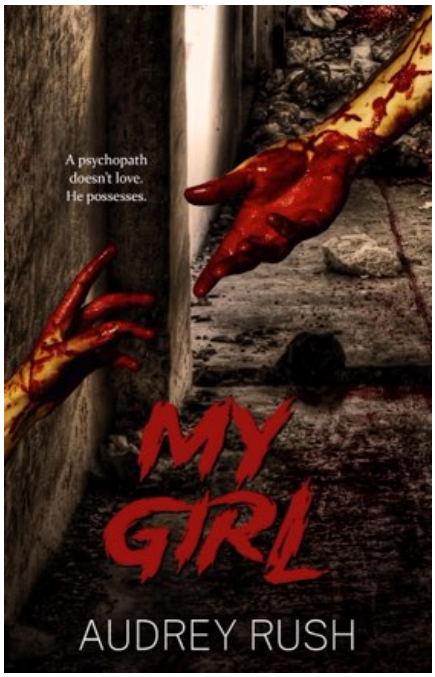
If you want more obsessive tendencies, max level filth dirty talk, and degrading tactics (specifically: golden liquids, boots, and fisting), may I introduce you to my most popular spicy horror book? It contains a serial killer, stalker vibes, and mask kink. If all of that sounds like your next book, check out my spicy horror novel, *My Girl*.



A psychopath doesn’t love. He possesses.

When you lose interest in a possession, you get rid of it. As I become bored of stalking innocent Rae, I decide to end her life.

But then she shows me the truth: underneath that good girl disguise lies a deviant little monster.

She reminds me of myself.

I wear a mask to hide who I am; Rae hides behind a normal façade every single day. She's capable of so much more than she realizes, and that potential intrigues me.

A new challenge falls into place.

Can I make this girl hurt others like me? Yearn for blood like me? Kill like me?

I won't stop until I find out. As long as my girl amuses me, I'll let her live.

And when she no longer interests me, I'll discard her.

Author's Note: This is a horror story with explicit content. An extended content list is located on the author's website. Reader discretion is advised.

Click here to learn more now!

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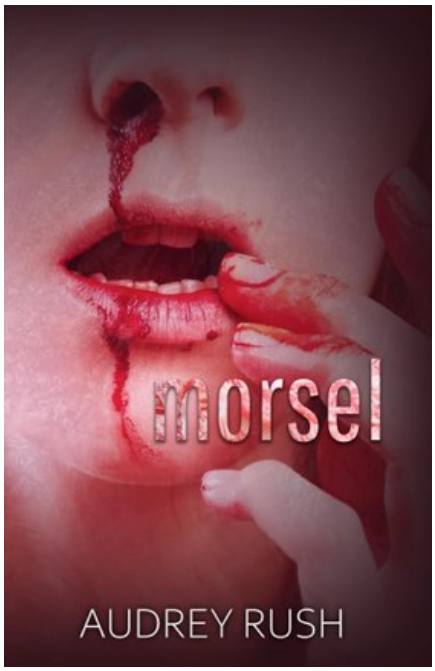
I’ve got another body horror book with misogyny themes for you, this time with cannibalism! Have you ever wondered what it’s like to be eaten alive by your “lover”? This book is a serial killer origin story, which means the pacing is a bit slow at first. If you’re ready for a taste, then take a bite of my spicy horror novel, *Morsel.*



My violent desires are harmless.

My fantasy tends to scare most women away, but my daydreams never hurt anyone.

When I find Mona, a mysterious artist with similar sensual needs, we indulge in roleplaying.

It seems like I found my dream girl.

But while we grow closer, Mona's desires become more extreme, and my primal cravings become harder to control. As her secrets are exposed, it's increasingly difficult to tell right from wrong, hunter from prey.

I'm not actually supposed to hurt her, but then I realize Mona isn't just playing along with my fantasies: she's playing with *me.*

And I refuse to be her toy.

Author's Note: This is a horror story with explicit content. It slowly builds to a violent conclusion. An extended content list is located on the author's website. Reader discretion is advised.

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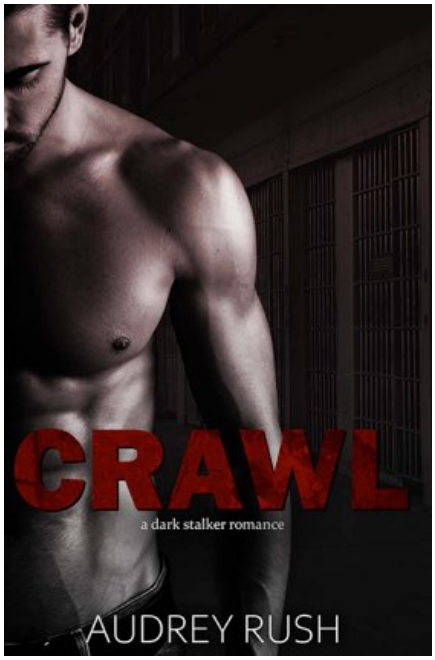
Finally, I have another obsessive male main character for you! Be warned though, this final self recommendation is dark romance, which means it comes with a happily-ever-after ending. This book boyfriend hides in her walls, kills her ex for kink-shaming her, and chokes her until she pops a blood vessel in her eye. If that sounds like a good fictional time, then check out *Crawl: A Dark Stalker Romance.*



There is no right or wrong*, only her.*

When I first see Remedy, I know she's mine. I stalk her for months, learning her desires and secrets, until I know exactly what she craves.

She needs pleasure ripped from her soul like it doesn't belong to her anymore.

The only way to get my mind off of her is to take another life, and yet I know she's taking my life, one breath at a time.

But I don’t care.

I’m going to give Remedy exactly what she needs, and I’ll kill anyone who gets in my way.

One day, Remedy will crawl, offering everything to me, even her life.

But my biggest mistake will be offering her my love.

Because if this is love, it will kill us.

Author’s Note: *Crawl* is a dark romance. It contains disturbing content and irredeemable characters. Reader discretion is advised.

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Also By Audrey Rush

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But most of all, thank you to my readers. You are the reason I love to turn my daydreams and nightmares into books. I'm endlessly grateful for your support.

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About the Author

Audrey Rush writes dark romance and spicy horror. She celebrates spooky season every day, and she is obsessed with Disney. You can find her in the South, drowning in coffee.

TikTok: @audreyrushbooks
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